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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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INCORPORATED

The Stearns-Knight Car

The Vital Point

Remember that the engine is the heart of your car. All else is of minor importance.

So the points discussed here overshadow all others, if you want a modern car.

They call for your attention.

10,000 Cars

Have Knight-Type Engines in Them

These cars bear names which stand the world over for the utmost in automobiles.

They were built by engineers who have always led in this industry.

They are owned by men who demand the best.

Those 10,000 cars—the greatest cars in existence—have proved that Knight-type engines are the coming type.

Daimler—England's foremost car—controls the British rights. That has been a Knight-type since 1908, and its sales have quadrupled since then.

Mercedes controls the German rights. Panhard for France, Minerva for Belgium.

Thus the master engines of the world have been displaced by Knight-types.

A Knight-type engine won the De-war Trophy in the greatest engine test on record.

It won the Scottish Economy Trophy. It holds world records on points that count for most.

That's why we adopted it for the Stearns-Knight, after two years of rigorous tests.

"Wait and See"

Makers of poppet-valve engines say, "Wait and see."

But the Knight-type is six years old. Daimler has used it since 1908.

One after another, the greatest makers in Europe have been forced to pay royalty for it. It is used now in 17 famous makes of cars.

Some \$25,000,000 has been already invested in Knight-motored cars of the highest grade.

And the demand for Knight-type cars today is three times the possible output.

How much longer is it wise to wait?

We waited three years after Europe came to it. We were not willing converts.

But we know when progress can't be longer stopped. The cars of the future will be Knight-type cars.

We were compelled by the evidence—as you will be—to come to this type of car.

Like Coasting

It is almost like coasting all the time to ride in a Stearns-Knight car.

The silence is almost uncanny.

No valves to pound open, no valves to spring shut—hundreds of times a minute.

No cams to grow noisy, no timing gears to hum.

No valves to grind. No carbon to cause leakage.

There is luxury of motion in a Stearns-Knight, known in no old-type car.

It's like gliding on the road. All the evidence of effort to which you are accustomed is lacking in this car.

There is wondrous flexibility. There is that continuous power for which electric motors are famous.

And the engines grow better with use. They show more and more power. We have Knight-type engines run for six years which are as quiet and efficient as when new.

One-Half More Power

Stearns-Knight engines are rated on the poppet-valve basis.

But we guarantee the engines to show at least 50 per cent more than the rated power.

This is due in part to the spherical firing chamber. It is mostly due to the saving of leakage.

Poppet valves are rarely tight. When carbon accumulates the waste of power is enormous.

Judge for yourself what this saving means during the life of a car.

These are advantages too great to be disregarded.

The greatest engineers have had to adopt them. And most of the others are now seeking ways to end the poppet valve.

The time is fast coming when all high grade cars must have a new-type engine.

A Costly Change

Engineers have spent over \$1,000,000 in perfecting the Knight-type motor.

We have ourselves spent \$200,000, plus two full years, to meet American requirements.

Then this engine requires far more careful construction in every detail of the car.

Noises which were drowned by the

old-type motors show up with the Silent Knight.

So this innovation was costly.

But our sales have doubled since the Stearns-Knight came out. They have compelled a new factory. At times our output was three times oversold.

This multiplied demand makes the Stearns cost less than any other Knight-type in America.

Hundreds Know

Hundreds of Stearns-Knight cars, in the hands of owners, have covered thousands of miles of road. The owners are men who know cars—men who demand the best.

The letters we get from them form the highest tribute ever paid to an American car.

The facts which won them will win you when you know them. They are the same facts which won 10,000 buyers in Europe.

They are irresistible to any man who wants the utmost in a car.

The Future Type

The evidence is that the leading cars of the future are bound to be Knight-motored cars.

History shows that what Daimler, Mercedes and Panhard adopt will soon mark the best cars the world over.

In buying a car for years to come,

this fact should be well considered. You want the coming, not the passing type.

In two more years Knight-types will be common among high grade cars—as in Europe now. Today the Knight-type, in its perfection, means in America a Stearns-Knight car.

Go See This Car

Go to your local dealer and see this Stearns-Knight car.

But first write for our books. Get all the facts. Then judge for yourself if Knight-type is the future type.

Write now for these books. The Stearns-Knight car is the topic of the

year in Motordom. Cut out this coupon, mail it to us, and we'll send all the interesting facts.

Equipment

- Warner Auto-Meter, Model K.
- Banker Windshield.
- Silk Mohair Top and Cover.
- Vesta Dynamo Electric Lighting System
- Continental Q. D. Demountable Rims (two extra rims).
- Klaxon Horn—also Bulb Horn.
- Trunk Rack, Robe Rail, Foot Rest, etc.

Touring Car }
Toy Tonneau } \$3,500
Roadster }

THE F. B. STEARNS COMPANY

Cleveland
Sixth City

Dealers and Branches in
125 Principal Cities

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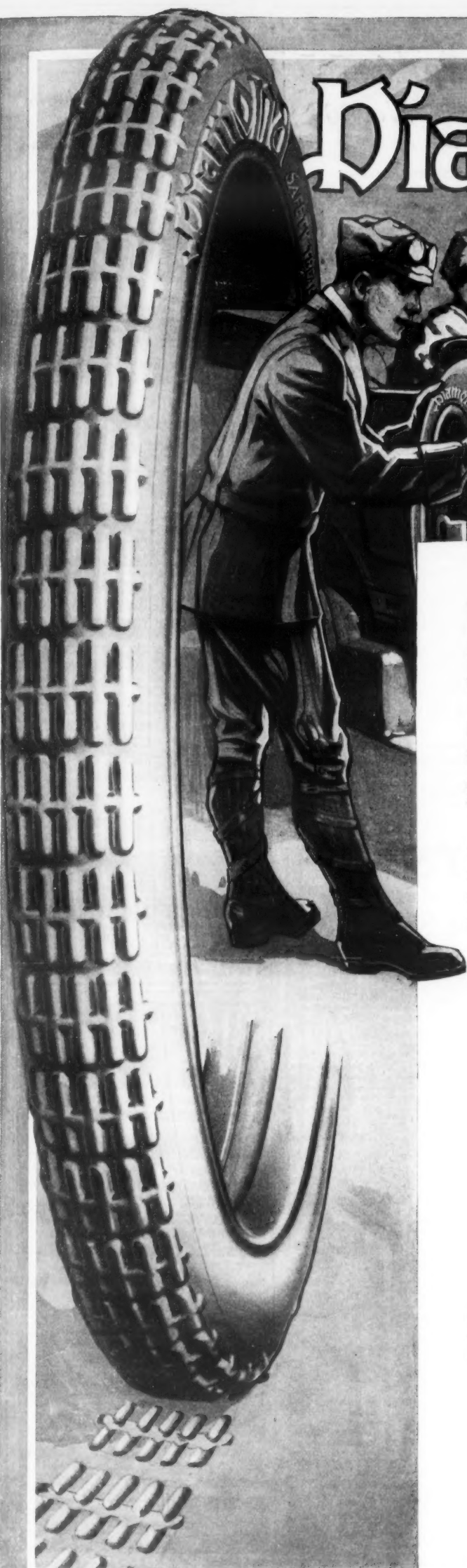
THE F. B. STEARNS CO. 11A
Cleveland, Ohio

Mail me all of your pamphlets about the Stearns-Knight.

Name.....

Address.....

Diamond Tires



IT is Quality in the tire—not type or style—that determines the Mileage and wear you will receive.

Diamond Tires are made in *all types*. (The Straight Side type included), in *all sizes*, to *fit every style of rim*, and in "Smooth," "Safety," "Bailey" and "Grip" treads.

You can get in Diamond Tires *any type* that you want—and in any Diamond tire that you choose you will get what no other tire can give you—the *Greatest Mileage* and the *best service* that can be built into a tire of that type.

The phenomenal success of the Diamond Safety Tread tire has proved that car owners have a keen eye for tire values.

Here is a rugged tire that is built by adding a thick, heavy tread on top of the regular smooth tread Diamond Tire. It is a real non-skid tire based on a correct understanding of the skid problem. Its principle is fundamentally different from that of any other tire.

It prevents a skid by cutting through and cleaning away the film of mud, water or grease on the pavement, exactly as a squeegee window cleaner dries a pane of glass. It is a year round tire that insures safety when safety is needed and a tire that gives even greater mileage than the smooth tread Diamond Tires.

In addition to dependable dealers everywhere, there are 54 Diamond Service Stations. Diamond Service means more than merely selling tires; it means taking care of Diamond tire users.

The Diamond Rubber Company

Akron, Ohio

We Could build them Cheaper, *But we Won't*
We Would build them Better, *But we Can't*



Stop "Making Steam" for the Other Fellow

THE majority of workers are "stokers"—making "steam" to help some other man win success.

WHY not win success for yourself and work your way to the top of your chosen trade or profession by sheer force of ambition? The I. C. S. can help you.

IF you are willing to spend a small part of your idle hours, gaining the knowledge that will put you ahead of your fellow workers, the I. C. S. will show you how.

JUST mark and mail the coupon and without further obligation on your part, detailed information will be sent you telling how the I. C. S. will lead you to success.

Mark and mail the coupon now.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 1198 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

<p>Automobile Running Mine Superintendent Mine Foreman Plumbing, Steam Fitting Concrete Construction Civil Engineer Textile Manufacturing Stationary Engineer Telephone Expert Mechan. Engineer Mechanical Draftsman Architectural Draftsman Electrical Engineer Elec. Lighting Supt.</p>	<p>Civil Service Architect Chemist Languages Commercial English Building Contractor Industrial Designing Commercial Illustrating Window Trimming Show Card Writing Advertising Man Stenographer Bookkeeper Salesmanship Poultry Farming</p>
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Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

BE AN ELECTRIC METERMAN

The rapid introduction of electricity is creating hundreds of new positions each year. Instruments and Meters are used wherever Electricity is used. Trained men must be had to maintain these Instruments and Meters.

Metermen Earn Big Money

Our course will qualify you for a position as Meterman. Practical—easy to learn—recommended by leading electrical men.

Our Employment Bureau assists graduates.

Tuition low. Terms easy.



Write to-day for FREE booklet—tells all about this new field and our instruction. Write me personally. C. S. Tumbleson, Secretary.

Ft. Wayne Correspondence School
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"Oldest and Largest School of its Kind"

The University of Chicago

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STUDY LAW AT HOME

The Original School and the Greatest

21 years of vital legal training—training that has made masters, and won highest endorsement. Graduates are practicing in every state. Complete College Courses covering every legal matter, prepared and taught by experts. Ambitious young men with limited time and money write for catalogue and "evidence."

Sprague Correspondence School of Law
240 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL

I won the World's First Prize for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance many are becoming expert penmen. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges at high salaries. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransom Journal.

C. W. RANSOM, 339 Minor Bldg., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 66

IN a statement to druggists, a large and long-established soap manufacturer makes this frank acknowledgment of what good advertising can do for good merchandise:

"Thousands who began to use our soap in 1872 are using it today. They are of the discriminating class which is always ready to buy an article of real merit and to continue to buy it as long as it measures up to the standard.

"Of the manufacturers in this line we were among the earliest to create a demand for a product through constant, clean-cut advertising addressed directly to the thoughtful consumer.

"To-day our soap is on sale in practically every city and town in the United States. It is the recognized standard.

"We shall continue to advertise our soap to the consumer; and the consumer will continue to buy it, because it is and does what our advertisements say it is and does."

In the above statement you will find the reasons why both the soap manufacturer and we have always been glad to have his advertising appear in Collier's.

Through Collier's they reach people "of the discriminating class which is always ready to buy an article of real merit and to continue to buy it as long as it measures up to the standard."

And of course they could not advertise in Collier's at all if it was not exactly true that their soap

—*"is and does what their advertisements say it is and does."*

F. L. Patterson.

Manager Advertising Department

Chalmers

Ten Reasons Why You Should Buy a Chalmers Car

1 Chalmers cars are made in our own shops.

We build our own motors, transmissions, steering gears, control levers, axles, fenders, running boards and practically all other parts. We even have our own foundry. Our factory is one of the most completely equipped in the industry.

2 Chalmers engineering is right.

Our cars are designed under the direction of our consulting engineer, George W. Dunham, a recognized authority. His policy is to be progressive, but not radical; to be always in the lead, but never to use construction that has not proved itself under severest tests.

3 Chalmers compressed air self-starter is the simplest, safest, most reliable.

This great convenience does away with the annoyance and danger of cranking. It is dependable. There is nothing complicated about it—just press a button on the dash and away goes your motor.

4 Chalmers four-forward-speed transmission gives utmost ease of control.

With this great improvement you can always select the speed that will carry you along—through any kind of going—in the fastest time and with the least strain on your motor. A feature of all the best foreign and most of the high-priced American makes.

5 Chalmers long stroke motor gives you all the power you will ever need.

This motor has great pulling power at low speeds. It "hangs on." It throttles down well and there is little danger of "stalling" it. It also has many other points of superiority—ball-bearing crank shaft, cylinders en bloc, improved water jackets, dual ignition, improved oiling system. It has also patented Chalmers piston rings to prevent smoking and loss of compression.

6 Chalmers cars are easy to handle.

No car could be more fascinating to drive. Consider the convenience of

these features: self-starter; four-forward-speed transmission; multiple disc clutch; demountable rims; automatic tire inflator; carburetor dash adjustment.

7 Chalmers cars are safe cars.

Note the four main factors of safety on a Chalmers: the heavy pressed steel frame; the sturdy second-growth hickory wheels; the quick-acting, powerful brakes; the forged steel steering connections. Compare the Chalmers with other cars from the standpoint of safety.

8 Chalmers service department is constantly at your call.

When you buy a Chalmers it is our aim to help you get satisfactory use and enjoyment of that car. For that purpose we maintain a well organized Service Department. We have \$750,000 invested in parts at our plant and among our dealers, for your convenience in case of accident.

9 Chalmers cars are sold at a fair price—one price to all.

Chalmers cars are not high-priced. Yet they have always sold primarily on their quality rather than their price. And we believe no other cars offer quite so much value for the same prices or lower.

10 The Chalmers guarantee is backed by a strong, sound company.

We have over \$5,000,000 invested in this business. We have ample financial resources. We buy material and equipment at cash prices. We have the capital, the equipment, the organization to do business on a large scale and do it right. More important still, we have the determination to see that our resources mean efficient service to the owners of Chalmers cars.

If you are going to buy a car this spring, we feel these Ten Reasons should convince you that it ought to be a Chalmers. In a Chalmers you get all you can ask in a motor car—at a medium price. We urge you to see these cars at our dealers' and place your order at once.

"30," \$1500; "Thirty-Six," \$1800; "Six," \$3250.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

Collier's maintains an office at Washington to answer questions and supply information about the Government. The service is entirely without charge.

Address

Collier's Congressional Record

Munsey Building,
Washington, D.C.



10 CENTS A DAY

buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. \$65 now—later the price will be \$100. The best typewriter in the world, far exceeds any \$100 machine made. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free for a very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One Free and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter "Mail your Free Offer."

THE PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER CO.
Dept. 52, Union Bank Bldg. PITTSBURGH, PA.



WE SHIP ON APPROVAL

without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unheard of prices and marvelous offers on highest grade 1913 model bicycles.

Do not buy a bicycle Factory Prices or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful proposition on first sample bicycle going to your town.

Rider Agents everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We sell cheaper than any other factory.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, hubs, repairs and all sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait; write today for our special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. N-54, CHICAGO



Best grade cedar canoe for \$20

Detroit canoes can't sink

All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. It's in the cloth—can't spill—always ready. Sample Free or full size Blue Cloth 25c at stores or by mail. 127 Green St.

AGENTS WANTED AUBURN SPECIALTIES CO., Auburn, N. Y.

BLITZ The Polishing Cloth

Free Sample For You
A perfect, lasting polish for Silverware, Brass, Nickel, Gold—all metal fixtures. It's in the cloth—can't spill—always ready. Sample Free or full size Blue Cloth 25c at stores or by mail. 127 Green St.

AGENTS WANTED AUBURN SPECIALTIES CO., Auburn, N. Y.

Dutch Bulbs direct from Holland

Now—while your Bulb Beds are in bloom—is the time to get our

1912 BULB CATALOG

the real Dutch Bulb book, issued by the largest quality growers in Holland. Full of vital facts, lists newest varieties, gives new bedding combinations proved successful in our unique testing beds. Comparisons prove our quality the best—our prices reasonable. Write to-day.

Gt. van Waveren & Kruijff
American Branch House 141 No. 13th St., Philadelphia

Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices

All leading pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for big book, "Poultry for Profit." Tells how to raise poultry and run incubators successfully. Send for postage.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 21, Freeport, Ill.

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE

Book and calendar for 1912 contains 200 pages. 72 varieties pure bred, 62 colored plates. Many other illustrations, descriptions. Incubators and brooders. Low prices on all stock and eggs. How to raise and make hens lay. Get my plans. They all say it's great—this book—only 15 cents. Price list free.

B. H. GREIDER, Box 14, Rheems, Pa.

When you eat squabs, ask for Plymouth Rock squabs

Squab Book Free for 1912, telling how to make money breeding squabs, how to start small and grow. 5000 wanted daily by only one New York commission firm. See what they say in National Squab Magazine (monthly). Specimen copy from us 10c. Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 325 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

Hahnemann Medical College

52nd regular session will open September 26th. Laboratory equipment complete. Clinical facilities unsurpassed. Four years' course. For detailed information address C. HENRY WILSON, Registrar, 3129 Rhodes Ave., Chicago, Ill.



A Stewart Speedometer

adds immensely to the pleasure and safety of auto-mobiling

The Stewart is the most efficient speed indicator manufactured. It never makes a mistake, never misses a second to the hour or an inch to the mile; others may cost more but they cannot do more.

Four out of every five speedometers in use are Stewarts.

The plants that make the other 20 per cent haven't the same facilities; haven't the same production; so they can't manufacture as well or as cheaply. Stewart Speedometers are built the strongest and last the longest.

Magnetic principle, employed in 85 per cent of all speedometers, making possible the use of slow moving parts; no wear; ball and jewel bearings; beautiful workmanship; remarkably accurate; 100,000-mile season odometer; 100-mile trip register, can be set back to any tenth of a mile; positive drive; no springs; unbreakable flexible shaft; drop forged swivel joint that will outwear car; noiseless road wheel gears.

Speedometer Guaranteed for Five Years

Write for handsome 1912 catalog telling you why in our big factory we can make the best speedometer at the lowest price.

WRITE TODAY

Speedometers, \$15 to \$30
Rim Wind Clock Combinations, \$45 to \$70



Stewart & Clark Mfg. Co.

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Detroit Chicago San Francisco New York Boston
Cleveland Philadelphia Kansas City Los Angeles
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Collier's

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APRIL 13, 1912 SATURDAY

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The Lightest, Practical Rim Made



It Is Not Enough to Specify Demountable Rims For Your New Car—Insist Upon

"Firestone"
Quick Detachable Demountable Rims.

Built from the Tiremaker's Standpoint and Experience

Look into the past records of demountable rims; see how long any one of them has withstood the test of time; find out from users which one is most practical and dependable in actual service.

We have no doubt as to your decision. Other rims have come and gone, while the Firestone has steadily gained in leadership. You will choose the Firestone.

Because the Firestone rim has a continuous bearing-support all around the wheel. The Firestone rim has no wedges placed here and there to force it out of round.

Because the Firestone rim has a "no-split" or unbroken base that makes it watertight—keeps moisture from working through and decaying the tire.

Because the design of the Firestone rim does away with all complications and delicate adjustments, absolutely preventing rusting together of parts, ensuring reliability and ease of operation, and requiring no special tool to operate.

Because the Firestone quick detachable feature enables you to change inner tubes when rim is on the wheel as well as off of it. Think what that means when overtaken by repeated punctures.

Because several years of success have refined Firestone rims to the lightest weight consistent with safety and practicability.

Get Posted Right Now—Let Us Send You Our Demountable Rim Book

THE FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers" Akron, Ohio, and All Principal Cities



CAT'S PAW
CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

50¢ Attached All Dealers

The moment you have a pair of Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels attached to your shoes you feel a greater degree of safety

Because of the Friction plug—a patented feature which positively prevents slipping on wet sidewalks or pavements—and makes them wear much longer.

The extra quality of rubber affords greater resiliency.

There are no holes in the heels to track mud and dirt into the house.

And—best of all—they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

The name is easy to remember. Get a pair today.

Send us the name of your shoe dealer, and we will mail you a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin free.

To The Retail Trade.

It pays to give the public what they want. The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Order from your jobber today.

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Canadian Office: Eastern Township Bldg., Montreal



Style that stays stylish

YOU fellows who know and like the smart distinction of style in our clothes can best understand why we're so particular about quality. You want style; but what's the good of style that doesn't stay stylish?

Do you know what it is that keeps our clothes looking well, even after a whole season's wear? It's the most important thing to know about clothes.

All-wool fabrics first; there are plenty of clothes that are not all-wool. Scientific shrinking by cold water; a process that cotton mixtures can't stand. The best tailoring; skilled hands shaping the garment; not just sewing seams together.

These are the things you get when you buy our clothes. Our mark in them is a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

New York

Colliers



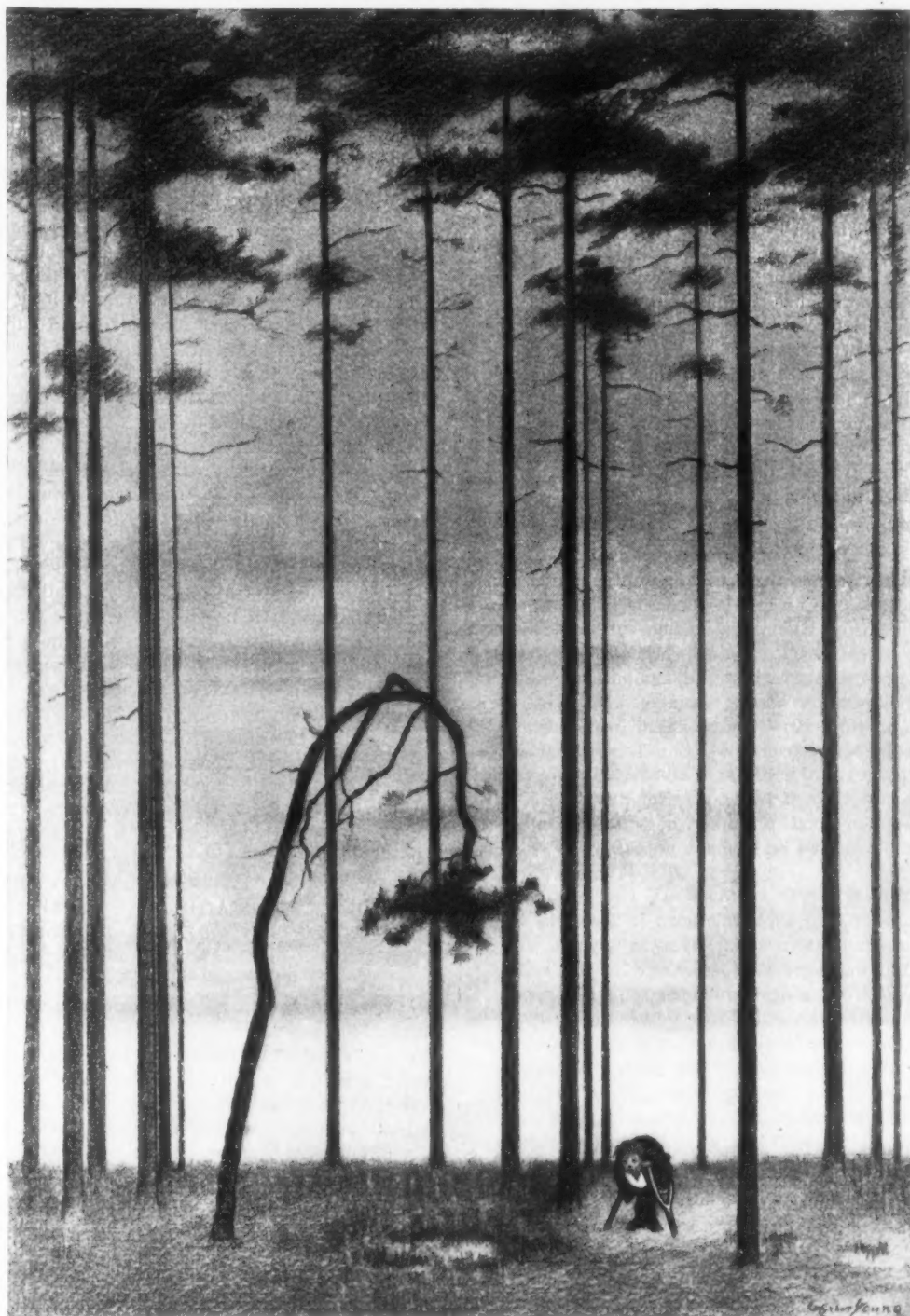
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

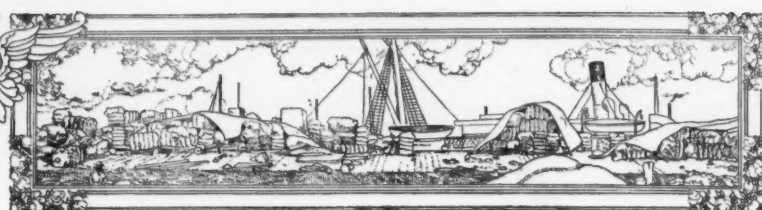
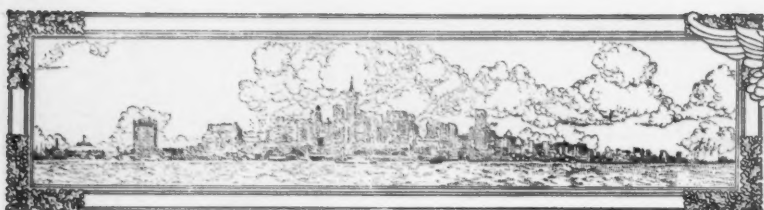
NORMAN HAPGOOD
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



DRAWN BY ARTHUR YOUNG

Why?



DR. WILEY AND THE SECRETARY

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE conducts a weekly magazine which, like the Senator himself, is unceasing in its public service. It now takes up the relation of Dr. WILEY to those who, upon his retirement, remain triumphant in the Department of Agriculture. Public health, as "La Follette's" says, is the foundation of national efficiency and greatness, and WILEY has spent a quarter of a century in the promotion of public health. It took twenty-five of his twenty-nine years of service to reach a point where the general interest had become strong enough to drive the courts into action, and the Pure Food and Drugs Act is more a monument to him than to any other one person. The adulterators and poisoners, beaten in Congress, found ardent aids in the Department of Agriculture. "This situation, together with President TAFT's 'gag rule,' which puts the hand of silence over the mouth of every bureau chief, left WILEY helpless. He could neither enforce the pure food law nor lift his voice in protest to the country." Had public opinion not been so much aroused, the false evidence which MCCABE manufactured against WILEY, even at the risk of changing a document, would have been successful, backed as it was by WICKERSHAM's recommendation that WILEY be punished. "La Follette's Magazine" is perfectly correct when it says: "The press and the public demanded the removal of WILSON and MCCABE and the other plotters. A year has passed since then, but these officials ARE STILL AT THEIR POSTS, hampering the enforcement of the food and drugs act and undermining the efficiency of the Department." That demand, in fact, was almost universal. Perhaps there is somebody who has a definite knowledge of *why* President TAFT was willing to let WILEY go and to keep Secretary WILSON and Mr. MCCABE. Our own opinion, which is merely a guess, is that it was less a positive wish of the President's than a feeble yielding to the influences about him. Secretary WILSON is an old man, and he wants to stay in office, and so no matter how much harm he does the President lets him stay there. What part Mr. WICKERSHAM takes in this decision can only be surmised from his recommendation that Dr. WILEY be visited with "condign punishment."

With WILEY away
The microbes will play.

The New York "Evening Post" argues this current poetry unfair, on the ground that as the President found a good successor to BALLINGER he may do as well in the Bureau of Chemistry. The cases are somewhat different. BALLINGER was forced out, against the President's will, by public opinion. WILEY was forced out by intrigue, against the public's wish. What good can anybody do in WILEY's place, with MCCABE, DUNLAP, and WILSON in control? How that system works is still further elucidated this week by Mr. ADAMS in "The Law, the Label, and the Liars"; and he and others will have more to say about it, from time to time, during the pleasant year of 1912. If the people are still to be cheated for the benefit of a small number, the time has at least passed when that process can be carried on without publicity.

LITERATURE AND QUACKS

THE GRANDFATHER OF SHELLEY was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1731. A rumor transmitted by MEDWIN says he was a quack doctor of some kind, but as there is no support for the rumor, the quack profession is deprived of association with so great a poet. Contemporary authors have shown interest in these gentlemen of recent years. "Tono Bungay," in WELLS's novel, is a patent medicine; the heroine of the play in which Mrs. FISKE played last year, "Mrs. Bumstead-Leigh," was the daughter of a patent-medicine vender, and one of these gentlemen appears prominently in "Simple Septimus." Of course, fake doctors in general have always figured in literature, whether at length, as in MOLIÈRE, or in short references, as in DICKENS's poem:

He has only to add he's the real Doctor FLAM,
All others being purely fictitious and sham.

By the way, has FLAM any relation to "flimflam"? The modern patent expert is on so much larger a scale than any of his ancestors that he invites, and is now receiving, special literary treatment in proportion to his scope.

AH, THERE, HEARST!

FROM A LETTER written by WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST to the editor of "Pearson's Magazine":

I have declared a preference for the man (CHAMP CLARK) who I believe represents them (my policies) best, and I shall labor to secure the Presidential nomination for him. *If at any time, or for any reason, he should retire, and the selection of a candidate to represent true Democracy and genuine progressive principles should lie between an avowed reactionary and a pretended progressive, I might become a candidate.*

PUBLIC LANDS AND CLARK

"I HAVE ALWAYS maintained," writes a statesman to us, "that the Hon. CHAMP CLARK did not possess ordinary human intelligence. As definite proof of this, I respectfully submit the Congressional Record, wherein you will find that in a desire to take all safeguards off the process of preserving the public domain for those who would make legitimate use thereof, he first gave an exordium on Missouri and BENTON, then shrieked for the poor homemaker, and by way of illustration brought forth the fact that the richest people in his Missouri district had packed up their worldly possessions and gone to Canada in palace cars, where they could have land by the thousands of acres, winding up with the assertion that we should see to it that our American land laws were so liberal that such an exodus could not occur." We agree substantially with the vivacious statesman that the Speaker indulged in one or more non sequiturs. Mr. LENROOT at once endeavored to introduce three amendments: First, to reserve minerals to the Government; second, to prevent homesteading of land chiefly valuable for timber; and third, to reserve necessary sites to the Government in such public domain as is now withheld for power purposes. These amendments are necessary. They happen to be also a part of the Canadian law.

WOODROW WILSON'S DEMOCRACY

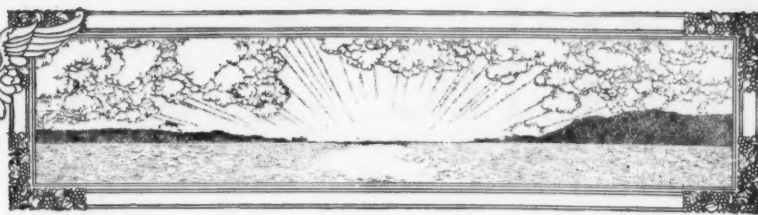
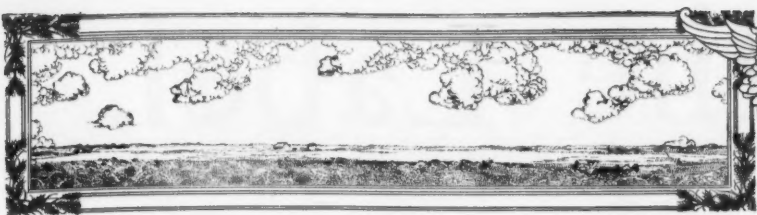
THE AIR IS FULL of strange noises just now to the effect that WOODROW WILSON has acquired Democratic sympathies at the psychological moment in order to encourage the masses of his party to force the politicians to make him their nominee for the Presidency. Our observant contemporary, the "Globe" of New York, remarks that it is "doubtful whether American political history, full as it is of reckless slander, furnishes an instance of character-assassination more contemptible than that of which WOODROW WILSON has been the victim," and intelligently proves its case by quoting from an article which WOODROW WILSON published in the "Atlantic Monthly" as long ago as 1894. He is pointing out the limitations of WALTER BAGEHOT, and he says: "He has no sympathy with the voiceless body of the people, with the 'mass of unknown men.' He conceives the work of Government to be a work which is possible only to the instructed few. He would have the masses served, and served with devotion, but he would not like to see them attempt to serve themselves. He has not the stout fiber and the unquestioning faith in the right and capacity of inorganic majorities which make the Democrat." Perhaps the machines and their backers, who are so worried by the fact that the people want WILSON instead of the candidates chosen by the bosses, will now come out with an explanation that when WILSON wrote these words, eighteen years ago, he had in mind that he might eight years later become president of Princeton, and get in a row there over his attempt to make the university more democratic; and then become Governor of New Jersey, and make an admirable record in a desperate fight with the organization; and then become the man who would be nominated by the Democratic party, if that party had much to say about its own affairs.

FARMERS AND PRESIDENTS

THE CHIEF MAGISTRACY of the nation has swung away from the farms. JOHN ADAMS, JACKSON, VAN BUREN, POLK, FILLMORE, PIERCE, LINCOLN, GARFIELD, and BENJAMIN HARRISON were all sons of farmers, and WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, MADISON, MONROE, and TAYLOR were sons of planters. WASHINGTON was a planter; WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was a farmer, and LINCOLN in his youth was a farm hand. Every President since GRANT has been a lawyer, even including ROOSEVELT, who was admitted to the bar. In the United States there are about 125,000 lawyers. Few of them are producers; the large majority are not property owners; their average income is less than \$1,200 a year. The figures of the recent census show that 520,748 American farmers own their farms and that 327,887 own them free of all debt. We have more than a million voters, representing more than three billions of dollars and the basis of our national prosperity, with comparatively little direct representation in high office. Less than one-fourth of the House of Commons are lawyers, and less than one-twentieth of the House of Lords. More than half of the Senate are lawyers, and more than half of the House of Representatives. To cap the climax, final decision about our most important legislation has been usurped by the courts.

DIGNIFIED RETIREMENTS

MR. ROOSEVELT'S CANDIDACY has caused a lot of absurdly unhistorical statements, not only about WASHINGTON's views in regard to third terms but also about the "dignified retirement" of ex-Presidents. Much of this talk is from newspapers who energetically urged GROVER CLEVELAND for a third term when he was engaged in the



dignified occupations of living at home and fishing. WASHINGTON was contemplating more or less active service in the army at the time of his death. JEFFERSON, with his headquarters at Monticello, received a great many visitors of all kinds, and took part in the control of public opinion and public events after his retirement. MADISON's hand was quietly shown after his Presidency through his influence over MONROE. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS did his most notable public work after he left the Presidency. JACKSON practically controlled his party for eight years after the expiration of his second term. VAN BUREN was in active politics to the end. ANDREW JOHNSON was elected to the United States Senate shortly before his death. WASHINGTON actually did seek, somewhat unsuccessfully, for retirement, but the idea that ex-Presidents generally have done so has about as much foundation as the stories about the apple tree and the third term.

DELEGATES AS CATTLE

WE SHALL CONTINUE our mainly documentary exposition of how the Republican candidate for President of the United States may be chosen by a few Southern Federal officeholders. In this matter reformers should be strictly fair. They should not treat President TAFT as if he inaugurated this system. It was used four years ago and eight years ago, and so on back into the evil history that was caused by the Northern policy of reconstruction. Let our attention be fixed on the system more than on any man who may happen to be either the beneficiary or the victim. There are many ways of lessening the evil. A correct system of Presidential preference primaries in every State would destroy it altogether. Even the politicians realize the strength of the demand of the public to be heard in the choice of nominees. As Governor HUGHES had stirred up in New York a general realization of the need of direct primaries, MURPHY and BARNES passed a law to give the bosses still tighter control, and at the same time paid the public the tribute of calling the new creation a direct primary. It was MEPHISTOPHELES, we believe, in "Faust," who said that if you hand people the right phrase they won't bother about the substance.

WILL THERE BE A BOLT?

THIRD TICKET TALK is becoming more frequent in both parties. If either of the great parties nominates a candidate who stands for executive efficiency, freedom from special interests, and courageous progress toward the destruction of economic and industrial despotism, no third ticket can figure largely in the campaign. If, however, both parties nominate candidates of Tory proclivities, a third ticket might poll a heavy vote. If WILSON leads the Democrats, a third ticket will have no sufficient purpose; nor will it if the Republicans are led by ROOSEVELT, HUGHES, or any one of several less likely to be nominated, such as LA FOLLETTE, BORAH, and CUMMINS.

BATTLESHIPS AND THE CANAL

WHATEVER EMPEROR WILLIAM said to Colonel GOETHALS, or did not say, there can be no doubt that the naval obligations of the United States have been increased by the building of the Panama Canal. The present Democratic Congress will be judged largely by the ways in which money is saved and the ways in which it is wasted. When the Canal opens, the United States will have only ten dreadnoughts in commission, with two building. Against our twelve, Great Britain in 1914 will have thirty-two. German shipyards are working in two shifts, night and day, and twenty-one dreadnoughts will be the result. Our navy instead of being second, as it now is, may be fifth, being behind France and Japan. This will be a serious result, and the country will weigh it against the overflow of the pork barrel.

THE GREAT ONES

AS THE BASEBALL SEASON OPENS, the best nine, as it stood after the world's series, is not in the main hard to pick. It would run about like this:

Catcher	ARCHER
Pitcher	MATHEWSON
First Base	CHASE
Second Base	COLLINS
Third Base	BAKER OF LORD
Shortstop	WAGNER

Outfield: COBB, SCHULTE, and a third about whom there must be uncertainty. EVERS and CHANCE dropped out during the season, LAJOIE slowed up a little and SCHULTE's value rose. WAGNER sank a bit, but kept a neck ahead of FARRY and TINKER. To what extent will the top-liners alter between now and next October? On accepted principles WAGNER and MATHEWSON ought to be in the most danger.

A RUBBER STAMP

WHAT is the most annoying ready-made phrase? Probably almost every one of our readers can pick out a different example. There is one that worries us particularly: there is no rapidity of any kind whatever which is not described as being by "leaps and bounds." That particular expression for us destroys more happiness than any other.

TRAVELS

AS THE TIME of year for consulting sailing lists and railway excursion books draws near, questionings naturally arise about the value of change. Rolling stones gather no moss, says the proverb; but the spirit of the age opposes mossbacks. Thoughtful and tolerant travel is, indeed—"in the younger sort, a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience." If one brings to it high curiosity, travel is among the best experiences. For the frivolous and the bored, it is only one among innumerable ways of wasting money and time.

PEAS

PROFESSOR ALLYN'S article in next week's issue will continue our policy of telling the news about pure-food progress and heralding in every exhibition those manufacturers whose exhibits, among those included in that particular show, are of the best quality and also free from anything that could possibly be injurious. One striking example of the American preserver going ahead of the law, and especially of the Department of Agriculture, is seen in the case of peas. The facts are clear and highly creditable to American canners. There was formerly a ruling entirely forbidding the use of sulphate of copper for the canning of peas, but afterward this ruling was set aside. The permission which the Agricultural Department has granted, to use sulphate of copper, applies not only to foreign manufacturers, but to domestic manufacturers, and therefore, if the Americans have, as we believe, entirely refrained from this practice it is due to their own intelligent choice. The decision permitting the use of copper sulphate was bitterly opposed by Dr. WILEY from the start. It was one of the many things done over his head under the present Secretary's régime.

BEATING ARROWS INTO PENS

WHAT WITH the high cost of living and the growing industrial and political independence of women, many friends of Cupid have been alarmed lest the god lose employment. He may, or may not find shooting so good along shady lanes, in sequestered nooks, and on moonlit waters; but at any rate there is a new field of employment opening up for him. He will be advertising manager for the unmated. One scarcely picks up a paper these days that he does not read of some mayor or postmaster or police matron who has just received a pleading letter from a lonely bachelor or widower or maid seeking a companion. A whole bachelor club in a Middle West town recently wrote to Sweden for a bevy of brides unseen. Cupid, in truth, will not find these mail-order patrons solely left overs. Many of them are acceptable. There is much fraud in the mail-order marriage business, but some plain human nature also, which is by no means always unsuccessful.

FIREWOOD AND MOSQUITOES

FRENCH AND GERMAN "exercises" generally furnish the best examples of literary shapelessness. A book of travel—the "Journey" of the Spanish explorer CABEZA DE VACA—supplies, however, passages which transcend anything in the grammars and phrase books. From the "Island of Ill Fate" the Indians of the Gulf Coast went, it seems, in several canoes, over to the mainland to some bays where there were a great many oysters, and during three months of the year they do not eat anything else, and drink very bad water. There is a lack of firewood, but great abundance of mosquitoes.

To what extent the felicitous style of DE VACA is his own, to what extent his translator's, we know not. In no case can he be recommended as a model for the summer-resort prospectus writers.

LIFE'S YOUNG ADVENTURERS

SPURNING the sheltered haven, they dare wide spaces on the widest seas. Eagerly they spread canvas, blown upon by the loveliest airs in the unknown world. Riding the winds of dawn, and flushed with the early light, they glide from harbors that look safe and happy to their elders. Golden days sun them on swift tides.

As their adventure widens, they break into other zones, there to be tested in the hurricane and thunder, in calm, in drought, in weary drifting. Upon their feeble craft will fall pitiless misfortune, and under them the deep will plunge and rear. They sail a voyage that does not end till finally they come where earth's dim outline merges with a deeper blue.

The Law, the Label, and the Liars

An Intimate Observation of the Disastrous Effect of the Patent Medicine Assault Upon Pure Food Legislation

TO KEEP the liars from practicing their dexterities on the label is the main intent of the Pure Food Law. Leaving out of consideration, for the present, the regulation against the use of poisonous or deleterious ingredients in food, and the proviso that the presence of certain dangerous and habit-forming drugs in medical preparations must be plainly stated, the law provides broadly that a manufacturer may not sell his product by dint of false representations on the label. It is neither a very stringent nor a very comprehensive law. To that unconsidered trifle, the Ultimate Consumer, whose stomach and purse it was designed to protect, its purport seems both simple and just, in that it seeks to prevent Hall's Catarrh Cure, for example, which is wholly impotent to cure catarrh, from promising, in plain print upon its bottle, that which it cannot perform; or, to prohibit Frederick Stearns & Co. from labeling their dangerous "Nyal's Headache Wafers" with the falsehood "does not produce any bad after effects."

Yet no other legislation for many years has suffered such disastrous modifications. Courts have "interpreted" it. Boards have "regulated" it. Commissions have "adjudicated" its clauses. The officials of the Government to whose hands its enforcement has been committed have "discriminated" with hair-drawn distinctions. And after each interpretation, regulation, adjudication, and discrimination the law has been a little weaker than it was before, until to-day it is a shadow so impotent that the most fraudulent of the patent medicines need have little fear of it as a restraint upon their trade. Each test of the law's broader aspects brings up the conflict between public right and private right; and, as a rule, private right wins in the courts.

The Potent Agencies in Weakening the Law

THE agencies which have been most potent in emasculating the Pure Food Law are as follows:

The United States Supreme Court (three justices vigorously dissenting).

The Federal courts, which have punished infractions of the law with penalties, as a rule, absurdly inadequate.

The Board of Food and Drug Inspection under the control of G. P. McCabe.

The Remsen Referee Board of Chemical Experts. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture of the United States of America.

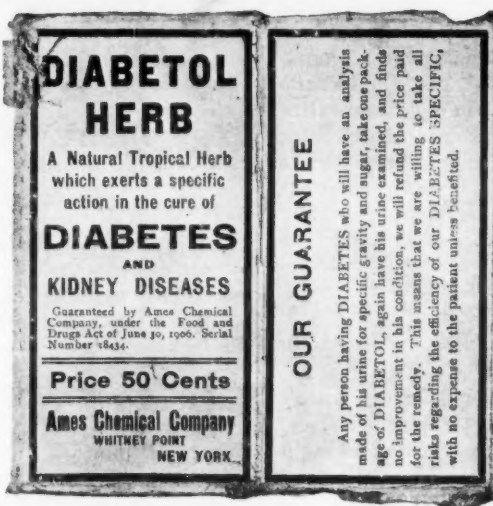
At one blow the Supreme Court of the United States knocked out fully half the teeth of the Pure Food Law. The test was on the charge of misbranding, made against O. A. Johnson, doing business in Kansas City as the Dr. Johnson Remedy Company. Johnson is of the lowest and most scoundrelly type of quack, the "cancer cure" vendor. The Government argued that the medicine shipped by the Johnson Company was wholly worthless as a treatment for cancer, and was, therefore, misbranded under the section of the law which declares misbranded any drug:

"The package or label of which shall bear any statement, design or device, regarding such article, or the ingredients or substances contained therein which shall be false or misleading in any particular."

In the face of that final phrase "in any particular," the Supreme Court held that the prohibition extended only to falsehoods regarding the identity of the ingredients, and not to their therapeutic or medicinal effects. Mr. Justice Holmes, in delivering the opinion of the court, gave utterance to his belief that Congress had aimed "not at all possible false statements, but only at such as determine the identity of the article, possibly including its strength, quality, and purity, dealt with in section 7."

Judicial Interpretation vs. Congressional Intent

IT SEEMS (to a layman) rather a pity that Justice Holmes did not take the trouble to read the Congressional Record before committing himself and his three colleagues. For there he would have found out quite unmistakably what Congress did intend, and that it intended the very thing which he surmised that it did not intend! This Justice Hughes points out in his dissenting opinion, in which Justices Harlan and Day concurred—a decidedly impressive minority, it will be noted.



An example of a misleading label, contrary to the intent of the Pure Food Law, but permitted by the measure in its present modified and weakened form

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. L. GLACKENS

The provision of the section as it stood in the original bill in the Senate was that an article should be deemed misbranded:

"If the package containing it, or the label, shall bear any statement regarding the ingredients or the substances contained therein, which statement shall be false or misleading in any particular."

That is to say, misstatements about the article (food or medicine) itself were not forbidden in the original draft; but misstatements as to its ingredients were.

Obviously, this exactly covers the point upon which Justice Holmes bases his opinion. But, in conference, an insertion was made after debate specifically for the purpose of obviating that weakness, and with that avowed intent, as appears in the debate. With this alteration, the bill, as passed, declares an article misbranded if the label bear:

"Any statement, design, or device regarding such article, or the ingredients or substances contained therein which shall be false or misleading in any particular."

Decision Licensed the Liars

TRULY, as Justice Hughes states, "the legislative history of the section would seem to negative the contention that Congress intended to limit the provision to statements as to identity." That remained for the Supreme Court to do. It did it, and licensed the liars wholesale. In effect it informed them:

"You may now vend well water as a sure cure for cancer. You may put out bread pills under labeled promise to raise the dead."

"The law, as interpreted, permits you to sell acetanilide in fatal doses as a perfectly harmless headache cure. If you wish to peddle cocaine or morphine under guarantee that its unrestricted use will not produce drug habit, go ahead; the law won't prevent you."

Meantime, almost as soon as the Pure Food Law became effective, what might well be termed an elaborate and complicated defense system was organized in Federal officialdom to prevent the law from being administered either according to the letter or according to the spirit. The established official procedure had been that the Bureau of Chemistry, with Dr. Harvey W. Wiley at its head, should consider evidences of violation and report for prosecution by the Department of Justice such

as afforded prima facie evidence. Under the new régime, the task of formulating a series of regulations for the conduct of the law was delegated to the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, and the Secretary of Commerce and Labor; known, in this capacity, as the Three Secretaries. Then came the formation of the Board of Food and Drug Inspection, invented to deprive Dr. Wiley of all real authority. After that President Roosevelt appointed (probably without warrant of law) the Referee Board of Chemical Experts to make those decisions which the framers of the law had intended to leave to the courts. And finally Secretary Wilson, under that brazen instrument, General Order 140, made Solicitor George P. McCabe the arbiter of what cases against adulterators and misbranders should be prosecuted and what ones should be dropped. Between all these criss-cross authorities, boards, commissions, and what-not, stretched a "twilight zone" whither lawbreakers might find refuge, and where some very shady arts were practiced. Immunity, postponement, review, abeyance—these were the watchwords for admittance to the twilight zone.

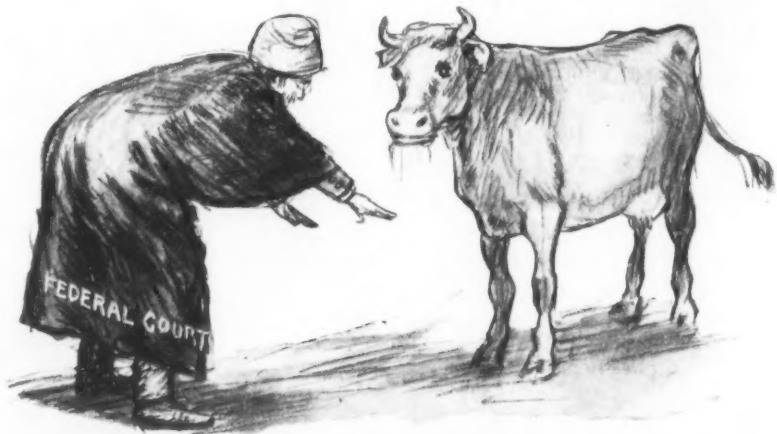
So much has been written and said about the Referee Board since its famous decision reversing Dr. Wiley and permitting the use of benzoate of soda in foods (against the weight of evidence adduced by its own experiments, be it said) that I shall refer to its findings only to point out a curious fact: viz., that its decisions in favor of the food druggers, as in the benzoate of soda instance, take effect at once, whereas a verdict which is protective of the public and adverse to the affected manufacturers, as in the saccharin case, is made inoperative by (apparently) indefinite postponements. The decision forbidding the use of saccharin in foods was delivered last spring. It has never been enforced. On the plea of the manufacturers there have been already three postponements, and, presumably, before this article gets into print there will have been another.

Secretary Wilson's Conception of His Duty

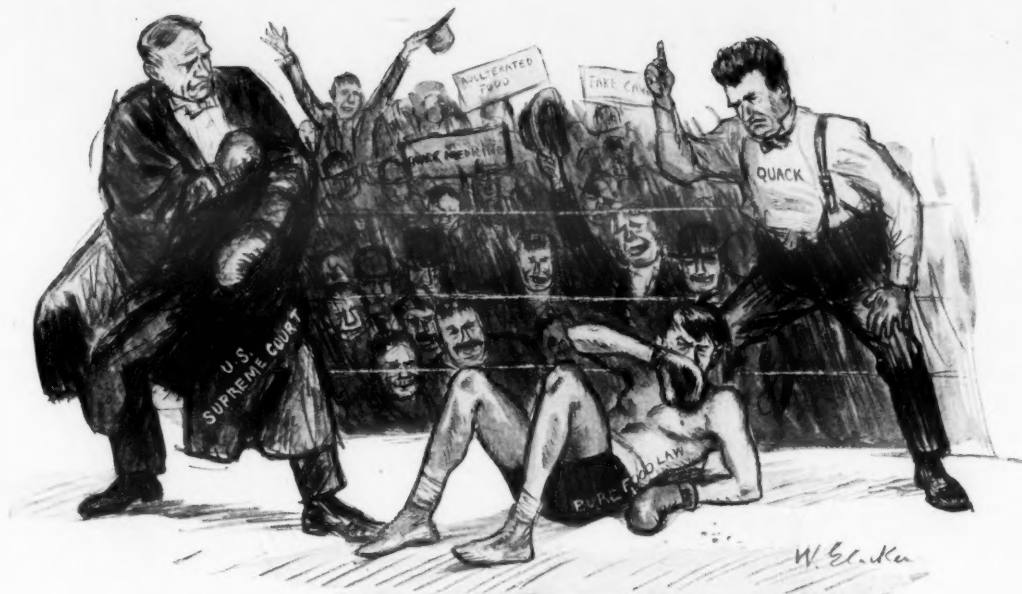
THANKS to the pertinacity of the saccharin dealers, one most instructive and illuminating bit of evidence was brought out: the conception which Secretary Wilson, practically the superior officer of the Referee Board, has of the board's reason for being. Ostensibly this body of scientists was organized and authorized for the purpose of deciding, without bias, and on scientific grounds, as to the merits or demerits of certain chemicals used as foodstuffs. Hear, now, Secretary Wilson on the subject, speaking to the saccharin committee which appeared before the Three Secretaries:

"I want to say frankly to you gentlemen that the Referee Board was organized and put in action for the very purpose of conserving the interests of the manufacturers."

And thereby hangs a tale, showing the queer things that appear when light is unexpectedly thrown into twilight zones. The light in this case was thrown by the Congressional Committee under Chairman Moss, appointed to investigate the charges against Dr. Wiley, cooked up by Solicitor McCabe, and served hot by Secretary Wilson and Attorney General Wickersham! whereby all three burned their fingers, as the committee unanimously exonerated Dr. Wiley and showed up the trio very much in the form of petty and vain plotters. The statement of Secretary Wilson to the saccharin people, substantially as given above, had been reported by H. P. Willis, Washington correspondent of the New York "Journal of Commerce," a pronounced and power-



The courts think more of cows in Indiana than of women in Michigan



At one blow the Supreme Court knocked out fully half the teeth of the Pure Food Law

ful pure food advocate. Before the Moss Committee, Secretary Wilson fervidly denounced Mr. Willis. Mr. Willis insisted that he was correct. A committeeman moved for the production of the official stenographer's notes on the saccharin hearing. They were produced, and seemed to bear out Secretary Wilson. But the persevering Mr. Willis then demanded the original notes, thus developing a singular condition of affairs. For, while the corrected notes showed that Secretary Wilson had concluded his statement about the Referee Board by assuring the saccharin interests a *sane* hearing (which is what Wilson testified that he said), the original notes with the correction on them, showed that the Secretary had promised his saccharin friends a *safe* hearing, quite a different matter. For purposes of comparison I have arranged the versions in parallel columns. The italics are my own:

I What Secretary Wilson testified to saying	II From the original Stenographic report	III From the amended report produced after Wilson's testimony
I want to say frankly to you gentlemen that the Referee Board was organized and put in action for the very purpose of conserving the interests of the manufacturers by insuring them a <i>sane</i> hearing, and that being the case, it is the best the Government can do.	I want to say frankly to you gentlemen that the referee board was organized and put in action for the very purpose of conserving the interests of the manufacturers so you would have a <i>safe</i> hearing, and that being the case, it is the best the Government could do.	I want to say frankly to you gentlemen that the referee board was organized and put in action for the very purpose of conserving the interests of the manufacturers, by insuring them a <i>sane</i> hearing, and that being the case, it is the best the Government can do.

The first and the third are alike, verbatim. The second differs in such manner that no stenographer's error would serve to explain the discrepancy, and the alteration appears in handwriting on the record. Of course, the change from "safe" to "sane" vitally altered the whole purport of the statement and afforded Secretary Wilson a much-desired loophole. During the time when the "editing" might have been done, the notes were in the possession of the Department of Agriculture. Who doctored this record to save Secretary Wilson's face?

Nor is this the only instance of record-fixing in the department. A still more flagrant case is that of Solicitor McCabe, to which he confessed in the Moss Committee hearings. It was brought out, in the course of the investigation, that a Notice of Judgment, embodying a court record (that is, a Government publication), had been altered, the word "caffeine" being substituted for the words "benzoic acid," and the word "harmful" being inserted before "coal-tar dye," thus absolutely falsifying the record. Under examination by the committee, McCabe admitted that this had been done by his orders. His explanation was that he directed it, to protect the department in its position that benzoate of soda is not harmful. It may be remarked properly that caffeine is no more like benzoic acid (benzoate of soda) than milk is like mud. Yet, in the face of his own admission, McCabe is retained as Solicitor of the Department of Agriculture.

McCabe the Dictator

WORSE: this McCabe is the man who was selected by Secretary Wilson to paralyze Dr. Wiley's efforts at enforcing the Pure Food Law. He has been the actual dictator of Mr. Wilson's invention, the Board of Food and Drug Inspection, the other members being Dr. F. L. Dunlap and Dr. Wiley. Dunlap's conception of his own duties on the board seems to have been that he was to act as McCabe's echo. If Dr. Wiley wished a lawbreaker cited for a hearing, and McCabe took the opposite ground, Dunlap always sided with the solicitor. In a hundred cases or so, Dunlap incautiously recommended prosecution without previously ascertaining McCabe's views, and McCabe voted the other way. Thereupon Dunlap promptly "flopped" and sided with McCabe. And Secretary Wilson made it a rule to uphold the McCabe side as against the Wiley.

April 13

According to Dr. Wiley's testimony, there were between fifteen hundred and two thousand cases in which he himself was not sustained, and in which Secretary Wilson adopted McCabe's view—with Dunlap's "Me-too" of course. This status goes far to explain why such notorious label liars as Swamp Root, Hall's Catarrh Cure, and Duffy's Malt Whisky were able to maintain their labels in the face of the law.

Dr. Wiley's Protest Ignored

TRICKERY of a flagrant nature was resorted to by the McCabe-Dunlap combination to gain its ends. While the decisions of the Referee Board regarding sulphur dioxide was pending, the Three Secretaries issued an order that all foods containing this substance must be plainly labeled to that effect. Yet, in spite of this order—in defiance of it, one might almost say—the Board of Food and Drug Inspection recommended that the use of sulphur dioxide be permitted *without any statement upon the label*. Dr. Wiley had been present at the session in which this action was taken up to four o'clock, when he left for Boston. On his departure the other two rushed the matter through and transmitted it to the Secretary for his approval. As soon as he learned of this, Dr. Wiley wrote to the Secretary of Agriculture as follows:

"I desire to call your attention to the fact that I was present all day Monday, December 27, 1909, when this action was taken by the board, until four o'clock, when I started for Boston; that I was not informed of any such action nor asked to sign it as chairman of the board, and I, therefore, protest against this action on that account.

"I also desire to call your attention to another important consideration. Fruit juices are recommended very extensively by physicians throughout the country for convalescents and invalids. These fruit juices are very often preserved by sulphur dioxide, rendering them totally unfit for consumption by persons with deranged digestion or delicate stomachs. In my opinion it would be a crime to permit fruit which is preserved with sulphur dioxide or any other preservative to go upon the market without notice of this added substance. Therefore the public health is endangered by this action of the board.

"In the third place, I call your attention to the fact



Mrs. Wilson's Soothing Syrup

that this action of the board is contrary to the regulation signed by the Three Secretaries, namely, Food Inspection Decision, No. 76, which provides that when food is preserved by sulphur dioxide, the label must bear a statement to that effect. If the action desired were in every way unobjectionable, the board should have asked the Three Secretaries to amend a regulation."

That letter was absolutely ignored by Secretary Wilson. He approved the recommendation of the board, thereby not only nullifying the action of the Three Secretaries (including himself) but also violating the essential spirit of the Pure Food Law.

Maladministration

THE condition of helplessness to which Dr. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, was reduced by the establishment of the McCabe-Dunlap-Wilson *entente cordiale* has been thus testified to by the victim himself in the Moss investigation:

MR. FLOYD—In view of that statement, I want to ask you this question: What has been the attitude of your two colleagues on this board toward yourself? Have they cooperated with you, or have they generally been antagonistic to you?

DR. WILEY—They have generally been antagonistic. They have joined me, however, in a great many cases, as I have said—about one-third of the whole number of cases; but in the other two-thirds they have been antagonistic.

Two-thirds of the recommending board antagonistic; the Solicitor arbitrarily obstructive; the head of the department invariably siding with the majority of the board—there, in a sentence, is the history of the maladministration of the Federal Pure Food Law.

McCabe is off the board since the Moss Committee disclosures. That committee, by the way, deprecates the undue power delegated to the Solicitor—which he continues to enjoy, however. It was conferred upon him by General Order 140, referred to above. But even before this order he assumed despotic authority, with the sinister appearance of attempting to block a Government prosecution in favor of the law-breaker. The case was that of Robert M. Harper, manufacturer of a dangerous headache mixture, who was convicted and fined. In the preparation of the case, United States District Attorney Baker asked Dr. Lyman F. Kebler of the Bureau of Chemistry for assistance, and Dr. Wiley, to whom the request was referred, bade Dr. Kebler go to Mr. Baker. Upon learning of this, Solicitor McCabe severely reprimanded Dr. Kebler and threatened to report him to Secretary Wilson. For what? For giving information to a collateral governmental branch! For assisting in the prosecution of a law violator whose conviction should have been welcomed by McCabe! Still, this might be set down to prickly official vanity were it not for other interferences by McCabe, not explicable on that ground. Misbranding was alleged against Scotch Oats; the case was prepared, and the Department of Agriculture's witness was on the ground, when the United States District Attorney received a message from McCabe, trying to influence him to drop the case. The prosecutor replied by a stinging rebuke, to the effect that he would take his instructions from the Department of Justice. Then the witness from the Department of Agriculture refused to give information to the United States District Attorney on the ground that he was not allowed to do so without the permission of McCabe. Nevertheless, the suit was pressed and the Government won. But why was McCabe so interested in protecting a law violator against his own department?

Secretary Wilson Again Intervenes

ENOUGH has been cited, I think, to establish Secretary Wilson's official attitude. There remains to be shown his own personal antipathy to the principle of pure food laws and sympathy with the illegal manufacturers. Curtice Bros. and Williams Bros., manufacturers of benzoated tomato catchup, had brought suit against the State of Indiana, which had ruled their product illegal, to restrain the Board of Health from enforcing the law. On request of the plaintiff's attorneys, Secretary Wilson asked Dr. Remsen of the Referee Board to go to Indiana and testify against the State; and also arranged to have another member of the board sent to Indiana at Government expense. But when the State of Indiana, through its constituted authorities, sought to get Dr. Wiley to testify against benzoate of soda, Secretary Wilson (abetted, of course, by the egregious McCabe) opposed the move by juggling and shifting issues, until the Department of Agriculture secured the testimony of Dr. Wiley and others against the benzoate of soda people. Without specifically refusing, the Secretary, with the aid of Solicitor McCabe, juggled and shifted the issue, until an order of the Federal Court put an end to the disgraceful exhibition. Incidentally while the Indiana case is still pending, Judge Anderson, in the Federal Court, has refused to issue an injunction against the State officials, and they are now enforcing the law against the sale of benzoated foods. Said Judge Anderson in a spirit which is commended to certain other courts:

(Continued on page 36)



DRAWN BY MILO WINTER

Bringing in the Loot—Showing What Became of that Pocketbook You Missed

"The Southern Delegates"

II.—The Administration's Use of Patronage to Get the Republican Nomination

THE "Southern Delegate" system works unfairly and does injustice to individuals. An honest postmaster with a clean record will be hunted down because he won't do political work for the Administration. An inspector from Washington will then dig up a chance remark of a year before and call it "pernicious political activity," or find that one letter out of many hundreds, marked "If not delivered within three days, return to," etc., has been held for four days, and promptly he reports the postmaster as inefficient. He is forced out, and some one is shoved in who will help send an Administration delegate to the National Convention.

RURAL CARRIERS AS REPUBLICAN MISSIONARIES

A NEAT joker was slipped into a recent executive order by President Taft. The rural carriers have been selected from a civil service list, and the highest name on that list. The President now orders that the selection of rural carriers shall be made from the highest three names. This gives elasticity to the official making the appointment, enables him to exercise personal favoritism to one as against the other two, and puts the appointee under obligations to him. The 40,000 rural carriers are a powerful political machine, anyway, and President Taft's order, signed on the next to the last day of the old year, triples the power for wielding them as a political weapon. Rural carriers in the Southern States are probably the most ardent missionaries which the Republican organization possesses. They visit households through the outlying districts. As they go, they talk and listen. They know who is favoring Taft and who Roosevelt, and they know who is doubtful and needs some enthusiasm injected. They report back their findings to the postmaster, who is the local political boss.

SUBSIDIZING THE FEDERAL MACHINE

THE Administration, and the Republican party generally, has persistently subsidized the Southern rural carriers for the purpose of building up a machine to produce delegates. A far larger relative amount of the Post Office funds are aimed at rural delivery service and the Republican-dominated carriers of the Southern States than in any other section of the country. It is applied to that portion of the Post Office service which will yield the richest returns politically to the Southern Republican organization. (We couple the Southern State, in each instance, with a State in another section, where the Republican organization has less need of the rural carrier missionaries.) Here is the list:

The State	Gross postal receipts	Amount appropriated by the Post Office Department on rural delivery service	Percentage of the money appropriated on rural service to gross postal receipts for the State
Alabama	\$447,228.90	\$259,323.33	57%
California	2,058,637.50	91,422.52	4%
Mississippi	336,159.72	197,427.15	59%
Oregon	467,787.31	55,893.69	11%
North Carolina	498,758.10	322,732.23	64%
New Hampshire	287,174.82	59,003.88	20%
Tennessee	708,038.72	401,352.93	56%
Washington	722,549.00	69,127.17	9%
Virginia	762,879.88	242,425.06	31%
Wyoming	83,622.20	2,346.43	2%
Texas	1,424,839.65	477,908.36	33%
Utah	196,351.53	12,310.83	6%

The table is complicated; its significance is simple. In a Southern State—South Carolina, for example—71 per cent of the total Post Office receipts will be paid out to Republican rural carriers; in California, just as sparsely settled, just as much in need of rural carriers, only 4 per cent of the total revenues are spent for rural carriers.

THE PERCENTAGE OF JOB HOLDERS

REPUBLICAN delegates to the National Convention from Southern States are largely officeholders appointed by the President. He can continue them in office, or replace them, according as they help him get a renomination. It is the custom to make the delegate a postmaster or deputy marshal or similar official. Take a typical representation of Southern delegates to the last Republican National Convention. We have made a count of the officeholders. The figures are: Alabama—4 delegates at large, 18 district delegates; 17 out of the 22 were holding down jobs—

Postmaster, Census Superintendent, Deputy Marshal, Deputy Collector, Referee in Bankruptcy. Arkansas—4 delegates at large, 14 district delegates; 10 officeholders, and 2 had relatives in jobs. Florida—10 delegates; 8 had jobs. Georgia—26 delegates; 12 had jobs and 2 relatives were represented on the pay roll. Mississippi—20 delegates; 12 had jobs.

In its Corrupt Practices Act, Oregon has provisions which make it impossible for postmasters and the like to take part in politics. At the next session of Congress, Senator Bourne is planning to introduce a bill to remove such offices as postmaster and deputy marshal from the President's appointment. These are the offices which have been the bribe to Southern Republican delegates to the National Convention. Such a bill is considered by him as a war measure to meet an immediate situation. The final cure will be found in the Presidential primaries.

A VIRGINIA DEVICE

AN INTERESTING device used by the Taft managers in Virginia is told with humor in Washington. In Norfolk a city ordinance reads thus:

No colored person shall use as a place of public meeting or assembly any house, building, structure, or premises, on any white city block in the city of Norfolk. . . . No colored person or persons shall occupy or use for any purpose, etc.

When the Taft managers called the local convention to send delegates to the National Convention, they named Odd Fellows' Hall as the meeting place. Naturally, no negroes turned up, and the convention, presumably, consisted, as is the rule throughout the South, merely of the handful of white officeholders, their male relatives, and friends. This is the least high-handed of the means used by the Taft managers; it violates no statute, and it might pass as one of the humorous ingenuities of practical politics—if it were not for this clause in the official call for the Republican National Convention:

In no State shall an election be so held as to prevent the delegates from any Congressional district and their alternates being selected by the Republican electors of that district.

How a contesting delegation from this district would be treated by the Republican National Committee would probably depend on the State of public feeling with regard to this sort of thing.

"A LITTLE POLITICS"

H. F. MACGREGOR, Taft Texas campaign manager, was recently asked if he had seventeen appointments in his possession which he was temporarily holding up.

"I have seventeen postmasterships," he said, "which I have not yet considered."

Answering a question as to whether or not he would consider them subsequently to the State Convention, he said he was not holding them as a means of bulldozing people into the support of Mr. Taft.

"Of course," he said, "there will be a little politics in it. But I am not holding them over their heads to coerce them into supporting President Taft."

TESTIMONY FROM THE BEST SOURCE

SPEAKING at Greensboro, North Carolina, on July 9, 1906, Mr. Taft said (he was not then a candidate, nor did he anticipate becoming a candidate, either for nomination or renomination):

I do not wish to seem ungracious, but I must be candid in my judgment, the Republican party of North Carolina would be much stronger as a voting party if all the Federal offices were filled by Democrats. . . . As long, however, as the Republican party in the Southern States shall represent little save a factional chase for Federal offices in which business men and men of substance in the community have no desire to enter and in the result of which they have no interest, we may expect the present political conditions in the South to continue.

As a matter of fact, with characteristic ineptitude, Mr. Taft chose precisely the wrong State in which to make this speech. What he said is true of the Republican party in the South generally, but North Carolina happens to be a State which has a normal and wholesome Republican party organization, with 115,000 voters.



George Hamilton Combs

A Brilliant Preacher Who Was Capitalized

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

OUT in Kansas City they are capitalizing Christianity. Yes, sir, a millionaire has underwritten the Law and the Gospel, the Ten Commandments and the Great Commission. He has capitalized the church, he has capitalized the preacher and the congregation, and with results that are startling, positively startling.

It is unbelievable that mammon should so serve God. Now, to be sure, the mainspring of this movement is preaching and a preacher; still, if the millionaire had not capitalized the minister, perhaps this story would not be telling. Howbeit, we must also consider that if the minister had not first, through twenty years of wide-visioned pulpit service, capitalized the millionaire with an enlarging Christian purpose, the millionaire would not in his turn have capitalized the preacher—wherefore this story is not of the millionaire but of the minister. This minister is George Hamilton Combs, a man of leaflike frailness, a sort of human orchid, who does not look to weigh one hundred pounds. He has large brown eyes that burn with lustrous fire. He has the face of a poet. Curling locks, that begin to gray, break over his head. A man all temperament, he whose nerves are tuned to concert pitch; a man of infinite tenderness; a man who, for all the ethereal seeming of his nature, is yet warm-hearted, a lover of men, and a charmer of them.

The Man

AS AN ORATOR, the man's mouth is full of chaste and racy English. His phrases kindle the imagination and grip the memory. He will take you an ordinary handful of words, melt them in the crucible of his own heart, and then, with the swift strokes of his imagination, cast them in the shape of some idea so beautiful that never in your life again will that idea come to mind without bringing after it, like trailing clouds of the glory of human speech, the precise and grateful forms in which the preacher had fashioned it in your thought aforetime.

His voice, like himself, is thin and frail; but, like himself too, it is wondrously freighted with chords of human sympathy; also it is musical as the sound of a silver bell.

And it is this man who is the central personal genius around which Christianity is being capitalized in Kansas City. For, be it known, this delicate whiff of humanity, George Hamilton Combs, preaches in the Independence Boulevard Christian Church, a pile that cost—these figures are round and so are all others used herein, for we have no space to split a penny—three hundred thousand dollars. His church fronts on three streets, in the heart of one of the residence districts. Its plant is declared to be the most complete of its kind in the United States. The pipe organ, in front of which he stands when he preaches, is one of the largest in the world. The membership—the actual related membership—of this congregation is just under three thou-

THIS IS THE SECOND ARTICLE OF THE SERIES ON PREACHERS IN AMERICA. THE PURPOSE BEHIND THE IDEA IS ONE OF PLAIN REPORTING, A VISUALIZATION OF MEN WHO DOMINATE THEIR CONGREGATIONS, AND WHOSE ACHIEVEMENTS ARGUE PERSONALITIES OF UNIQUE FORCE AND CHARACTER. DENOMINATIONAL LINES HAVE BEEN DISREGARDED. FOUR PROTESTANTS, A JEWISH RABBI, AND A CATHOLIC PRIEST COMPRISE THE SUBJECTS OF THE SERIES. THE PREACHERS TO BE PICTURED IN ENSUING ARTICLES WILL BE RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE OF NEW YORK, THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM T. RUSSELL OF WASHINGTON, THE REV. DR. JOHN H. JOWETT OF NEW YORK CITY, AND THE REV. DR. WASHINGTON GLADDEN OF COLUMBUS

sand, making this one of the large Protestant congregations of America. The church building contains seventy separate Sunday-school rooms. The assembly hall of the Sunday school provides chairs for twenty-four hundred, and has its own pipe organ. One thousand persons can be served at banquet tables in this same place. The prayer-meeting room is furnished like a sumptuous parlor. It seats five hundred, and also has its own pipe organ. The church kitchens are so large and complete in appointment as to suggest the cuisine of a modern hotel, for this widely ramifying edifice is a social center and clublike home to three thousand people.

The gymnasium—yes, you heard aright—contains what is said to be the largest indoor swimming pool in the city, as well as a running track, and is otherwise thoroughly equipped. The church employs a physical director and a superintendent of boys' work. This gymnasium is one of the busiest places in the

church. Its walls echo to the shouts and gurgling enthusiasm of all ages and all sexes. While a group of boys from the Sunday school are trying out on the race track, a bunch of stogy-livered business men clad in the merest suggestion of clothes are slapping the basket ball on the floor below, and, lower still, the young ladies' missionary circle may occupy the plunge, giggling and splashing like so many Annette Kellermanns.

The president of one of the large banks of the city is superintendent of the Sunday school. He rallies his forces like a military chieftain.

When the assembly call has sounded, the tread of gathering detachments, marching by columns from those seventy rooms, scattered over half a city block in three stories of the building, sounds like the rallying of an army, as indeed it is.

Dr. Combs is not a pushing man, not a person of great driving force, though full of a fidgety kind of energy; but out of him has grown all this mighty religious enterprise, and out of him grow twice on every Sunday two pulpit messages hot with the passion of a great preacher, messages that quiver and scintillate with brilliancy—messages so full of vision and strength and hope, so full of the interpretation of the common life to the common liver of that life, that the people crowd the edifice to the doors.

The Story

YET, truth to tell, time was, and not so very long ago, when the people did not crowd this man's church to the doors, and that after twelve years of ministry. Then the church was on a by-street. It was not influencing the community. In fact, the community went by on the boulevard a block away. The city was growing in population, the preacher thought he was growing in power, and the church was growing, but not enough to keep pace with the general progress. During those twelve years Kansas City was changing from a boom-grown town to a metropolis. With marvelous rapidity the lengthening business streets chased the homes out of the central valley and spread them over the surrounding hills. Pastures became parks, alleys became avenues, but the little church on the corner did not become a cathedral. Yet the day of its might was dawning, for during all those twelve years a wonderful thing had been happening. The preacher was capitalizing the multimillionaire. True, he was not a multimillionaire then. He was making his millions, and the making kept him very busy. Yet he never got so busy that he did not read the Bible in the morning before he went to work, not the ordinary family prayers of Puritan history, but for himself alone a closetlike, self-searching season with the Word. Also, he never let himself get too tired to go to prayer meeting at the little church on the by-street, nor to sit twice on Sunday under the inspirational and impressionistic preaching of the pastor.

Now it came to pass that the message of the pulpit not only ministered to the spiritual nature of this man in the pew, but it fired his imagination. As his business grew, so he resolved should his religion grow. He would capitalize religion. Here was a preacher with great possibilities, largely undeveloped because of lack of opportunity. He would give him the opportunity. He would capitalize his whole religious enterprise. He would make mammon serve God.

A Department Store of Religion

THE millionaire had all along been a generous giver. He now became Brother Munificent to the congregation. They left the small structure on the by-street and moved into a Greek temple at the intersection of two boulevards. The temple cost one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The millionaire underwrote the most of the cost. The new church and the new move looked to some a dream of vanity and extravagance. The little congregation did not half fill it. But, lo, a marvel! The preacher who talked to empty pews in the small building spoke to crowded ones in the large building. The membership doubled and then trebled. The Sunday school grew enormously. The social life of the church was multiplied. Its influence suddenly widened in vast concentric circles. There had been too much room in the little church. There was not enough in the large one. The millionaire who was underwriting Christianity at the corner of Gladstone Boulevard and Independence Avenue saw it. He offered a fifty-thousand-dollar Sunday-school room and started to build it; but he is a very imaginative man. Visions multiply. When he got through there were three new pipe organs in the church, for the millionaire likes music; there was the great prayer-meeting room, for the rich man is still a devotee of prayer meetings; there was the great assembly hall and the gymnasium and the swimming plunge, the seventy classrooms and all the other ingeniously contrived features of a mighty department store of religion; and he had expended on his own account more than three times the first intended fifty thousand dollars.

The Service

SOME people urged that this additional building was a still wilder extravagance. They thought the rich man was lavishing too much money upon a single congregation. But he said: "I am not giving it to this congregation. I am giving it to God. I am capitalizing Christianity."

Also, he was testing that congregation and testing the preacher. A church is not walls and plaster and a working plant. A church is the many-fingered soul of aggregate humanity, with a thousand varying interests, with a thousand initiatives, with divergent and convergent tendencies innumerable, but out of which must grow harmonies in purpose and concerts of action, whose result is religious development, social achievement and a toniclike ministry to the tired souls of men and women. Congregation and preacher stood the test. This pile of bricks and stones is not only capitalized Christianity but utilized capital. Seven days in the week the church is at work. It is all used, all enjoyed, all employed.

In attending this church on Sunday morning we find the pavements hidden by long lines of motor cars, for this is apparently one of the most auto-mobiled congregations in America. The auditorium itself is of purest Greek. Its rectangular shape yields itself to the exigencies of seating requirement in a series of boldly sweeping and purely classic curves that seem to bring the main floor and balcony both within arm's length of the pulpit. A master hand is at the mighty organ. The quartet is supported by a chorus. The singers are not surprised. There is an echo organ in the rear of the auditorium above the gallery, and close under this a children's choir. They make much of children at Independence Boulevard.

The service from the first note upon the great organ to the last soulful amen of the preacher is a perfectly enacted drama. There are no confusions, no discordant notes, no single failures of ushers or singers, deacons or elders, or preachers or people to blend themselves into the perfect whole of religious worship. There is

evidently somewhere in this great aggregation of people a center that is sensitive; a poetic temperament, combined with a commanding, compelling spirit, that for the time being has woven all these complex features into the fabric of a poem in divine service that is Belasco-like in its dramatic harmonies. That suffusing spirit is the man in the pulpit, the frail figure lost in the great chair, with a veined hand across his eyes.

The congregation is singing the last hymn before the sermon. The faces glow with anticipation. The people know that presently a master harpist will touch the strained and broken strings of their lives and evoke from them inspiring measures; that his optimism will banish doubt and darkness; that the fire of his words will kindle the battle lust in their veins; that in the next half hour the intellectual and spiritual part of them will live under the stimulating lash of contact with a great soul.

So the congregation is expectant, eager, confident. Not so the man behind the hand. He is reluctant, shrinking, doubtful. He had a sermon when he left his study. His mind was a sky full of stars. But now the sermon is gone. His mind is empty and dark and sooty like the inside of a chimney, full of shooting fears and horrible misgivings. For twenty years he has not failed to thrill his people. To-day he knows he will fail. His brain is a husk. His fingers twitch nervously. Perspiration breaks upon his forehead.

"Go Forward!"

ABRUPTLY the hymn stops. The choir chants the amen. Like a voice from heaven, trilling in angelic purity, comes the last refrain floating down from the children's chorus in the balcony. The congregation is settled in the pews. An atmosphere of expectancy pervades the auditorium like a pungent musk. There is no greater tribute to the power of an orator than that hushed and waiting moment. The air is electric. It needs only the imagination to feel the rushing of a mighty wind, such as brought down the spirit to the first waiting church on Pentecost. Everybody senses the pregnancy of the moment. The preacher feels it too, and suddenly his doubts have fled. He stands erect. His eyes burn. His cheeks are drawn. His lips are tense. In tones that are sharp, almost austere, he has uttered his text, "Go forward!" from Exodus 14:15. The preacher has announced a sermon to "Standpatters." He commences with a few remarks on the inspiration that lies in a new beginning.

"Go forward!" His voice rings with the sharpness of a military commander. He repeats the command: "Go forward!" There is a timbre in his tone that hits to the marrow of every auditor. They sit up alert, instant, roused, waiting for the next command, ready to go forward and waiting for the preacher to point the way. But the preacher does not point. His mood has changed. He is on the other side of the pulpit, making a gesture of inconsequentialness with his hands, and saying: "Oh! We may go back. We may fling from dastard hands the hard-won victories of all the yesterdays. We may, as mindless, soulless prodigals, scatter to the winds the high-heaped treasures of the generations of toilers that sleep. We may go back. Yet we would not. No man ever with open eyes adopted a full-fledged apostasy. No man ever sold himself Faust-like to the devil in morning hours. No man ever at life's beginning said: 'Evil be thou, my God!' Nor here in this first year's unfolding can we deliberately choose or patiently contemplate a series of declensions, the path that downward drops into an ever-blackening night."

As this period was delivered, the orator, hands in pockets, turned and strode contemplatively across the long platform. Suddenly he stopped. The glance of his eye was like the flash of fire. His expressive features were lined with pain. His hand was raised in protest. The man was shaken by a storm of his own imaginings. "It is monstrous!" he cried passionately. "We do not want to go back!"—his voice was rising into a wail of protest—"We do not want to fail!"

Then, in a rocking silence, the preacher walked quietly back to the pulpit. But something has happened. He is not the same man who walked away from it. He was a frail, little man, who leaned upon the pulpit for



He has the face of a poet

support. He who comes back and stands beside it now is a giant, with blazing orbs, whose towering presence has dwarfed everything else. He was a weakling; now he is a Hercules, a sort of winged Atlas who has taken his audience on his back and is prepared to soar with them.

Electric, thunder-crashing periods are quite characteristic of the man. His touch is light as a feather. In his movement he is the personification of grace. His voice is limited in range; it has no booming thunder notes, and yet, by a marvelous and apparently quite unstudied artistry, the man makes his pulpit rock with the power of his presence, and his audience gasp and stifle under the force of emotional crises, into which he forces them relentlessly, period succeeding period, situation developing out of situation, emotional eminence reaching upward beyond emotional eminence to his grand climax, which, however, never burns out to leave the world in blackness, but rather rips the blackness off to reveal a brilliant and star-studded firmament.

Leaning far over the pulpit, he whispered interrogatively: "Go back?" and then in louder tones declared: "We dare not! Death to the man that hauls down the flag, dishonor to him who brings it back, though but an inch from furthest point where once it waved."

"Standpattism is Unnatural"

AND then he raised his voice to affirm: "We cannot go back. The path to the past has been blotted out. This Christian civilization of ours cannot go back. It cannot by any strain of its degenerate will slink back into its one-time place. Think you, even if we tried, we could ever take pleasure, as our Saxon forbears, in drinking the blood of our enemies from human skulls? Or, like our Druid ancestors, offer maidens as sacrifices upon the altars of ugly gods?"

"Can we go back to this?" Leaving the atmosphere created by his question settling upon his auditors like a chill, the man was expeditiously at the other end of the platform, saying, with lifted brows and shoulders, and just a hint of veiled sarcasm: "You may stand still. Now, 'Standpattism' may or may not characterize an admirable political temper, but certain it is that in its wider reaches it makes a sorry appeal. Standpattism is unnatural. Nature's way is the way of motion."

"All things journey, sun and moon,
Morning, noon, and afternoon,
Night and all her stars . . .
We go with them."

"At least we ought to go with them. Nature never stands still. Fountains flow, rivers run, winds wander, oceans flood and ebb; from tiniest glowworm to the largest star, the universe is terribly alive, always in the whirl and swirl of cosmic evolutions. Standpattism is unlovely. As an attitude of life, it is thoroughly contemptible. Standpattism is an echo—if not of others, then of oneself. Instead of being a living voice, it is merely a tenuous ghostly repetition. It is a colossal egotism. It is the asseveration that perfection has been obtained. Could self-sufficiency go farther in its ignorant audacity? No new light! No new truth! No possible change for the better!"

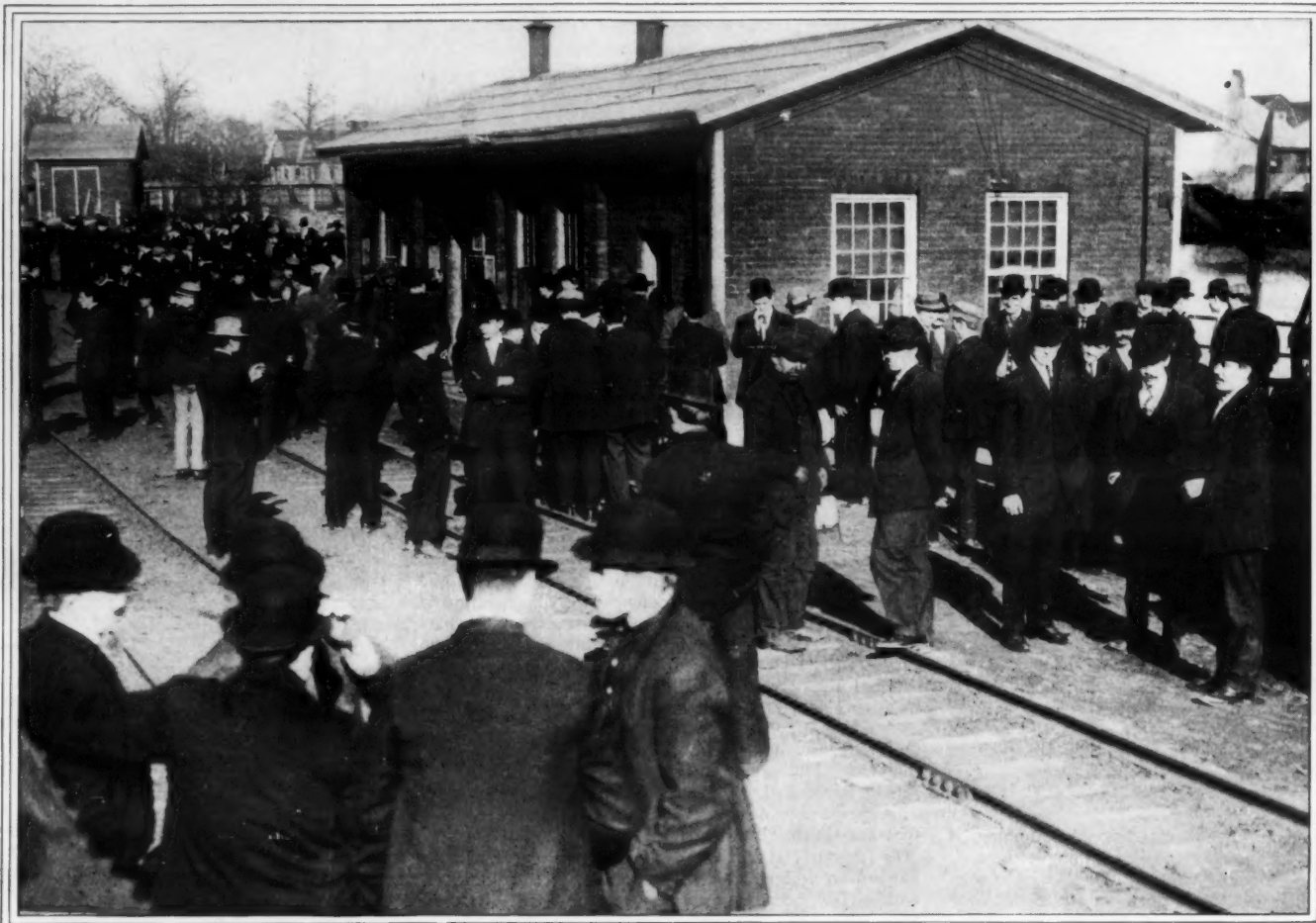
"Such an effort, if standpattism can be said to be an effort, is as futile as it is ugly. You cannot stand still, cannot because you are alive, for life everywhere and always means change."

"True, that which sometimes mistakes itself for progress may be something else. Sheep get a disease com-

(Continued on page 39)



Electric, thunder-crashing periods are characteristic



This photograph shows the type of the anthracite coal miners who went on strike in the Pennsylvania coal fields April 1, demanding higher wages and union recognition. The men are seen drawing their last pay at Wilkes-Barre. The strike began peacefully, in the belief that the April 10th conference would hasten settlement



The German coal strike, which began nearly simultaneously with the English, developed early violence. In the vicinity of Dortmund the police were attacked, and in return they drove the strikers before them. The district was placed under military discipline, and the policemen instructed to fire ball cartridges if opposed



The U. S. battleship Florida is the fastest battleship in the world, according to her speed test on March 25, when the dreadnought made 22.54 knots an hour off the coast of Maine. The British dreadnought Vanguard has a record of 22.50 knots, and the Utah, the sister ship of the Florida, a record of 21.637 knots



Although bodies of the Chinese troops mutinied in Peking soon after Yuan Shih Kai became President, the police proved loyal in the crisis and protected many parts of the city from pillage. In this photograph the police are keeping order at the burned gate of the Imperial City, and are shown driving back the rioters

Spring Training With the White Sox

I.—In "Commy's Car"

*Being a Report of a Rambling Hibernian
Conversation, Mostly by Callahan,
on Nothing in General and
Everything in Particular*

By WILL IRWIN

THE first practice game of the Southern training trip was over. Also, as it happened, it was the last in many days. The Chicago White Sox had struck, at Waco, a bad streak of this eccentric spring; and it is an axiom down in those parts that "the man who tries to prophesy Texas weather is either a fool or a stranger." When it did not drizzle, a cold norther, poison to untried "spring arms," blew across the field; and the bored and disgusted youngsters, each mad to show what he had brought from the minor leagues, hardened their muscles and took the edge off their energies with gymnasium work. On this particular day, however, the sun almost shone, wherefore two picked teams, mostly ambitious recruits, floundered through a nine-inning game on a muddy field.

In "Commy's Car"

IT WAS over, as I have said; and on the way back a few of the officers and camp followers stopped at Comiskey's car at the rear of the special train for a smoke, perchance a drink, and a talk concerning the burning question of the hour—who among the recruits would make good? There were forty-one players, regulars and recruits, in the squad. Seldom has a team offered more chances to ambitious youth. The White Sox have been up and down in the last six years, and, as the spurt at the finish of last season showed, they are coming up again. They want two infielders at least; and those for the keystone positions of second base and shortstop. They can use a hitting outfielder. Then there is first base. Last year Rollie Zeider played first; and he is out again. However, Zeider isn't a born first baseman. He was created to play third, at which position he would have shone in any company not already adorned by Harry Lord, one of the great third basemen of all recorded time. There's the catching department. None was ever more skillful, more crafty, more a general in the directing position of baseball, than that fine old player, Billy Sullivan.

Who's Who

BUT Billy, not to mince matters, is thirty-seven years old. Although he is out to break Cy Young's record, the time may come any season when he will "slow up" and be held solely for his influence on the team and his coaching of the young pitchers. Block, the big German catcher, built like a wrestler, capable in his playful moments of lifting a table with his teeth and turning cart wheels like an acrobat—he will stick, if for noth-

ing else by virtue of the battering which he can endure. Still, the "kids" must furnish one catcher. Then there is always room for a good pitcher on any club, even though it carry three such experts as Walsh, he who always makes anybody's "All-America team," and Doc White of the crafty head, and Scott with his fast, jumping curve. So this first practice of the White Sox is a crisis in the history of the team, and this first unofficial council of war a serious affair.

There are a dozen of us—the newspaper men, some of whom have followed the Sox on the circuit long enough to see a whole generation rise and fade; Jimmy Callahan, manager, the world's greatest comeback; Billy Leahy, passenger agent of the road, who personally conducted the trip, and Johnny Burns, his friend; Bill Dorgan, president of the Dugans, formed to root for the White Sox; Joe Farrell, song writer and fan, whose kidnaping on board the special train is an annual event with the White Sox; Ted Sullivan, author of "Humorous Stories of the Ball Field," and the man who discovered Comiskey as a player; and Father Quille, head of the Newsboys' Home in Chicago, who varies the most exacting work which can fall to a priest by taking a spring vacation with "Commy's boys." Ed Walsh, who has not yet risked his \$20,000 arm in the Texas weather, has dropped in also, but he sits in the observation compartment at the rear, singing ditties to the ladies. There's a shade of military organization about a big League team. For the maintenance of discipline, the general usually keeps apart from the privates. Even now the young players, passing Comiskey's private car in their muddy uniforms, cease their laughing and pushing and gambling as they realize who is inside, and walk soberly until they are out of sight around the corner. But the big, innocent, boyish Ed Walsh, with his good nature, his good will, his trick of mimicry and song, would be a privileged character anywhere by virtue not only of his professional eminence but of his personality.

"Well," said Comiskey, passing a box of Charles A. Comiskey cigars, a parting gift from ex-Mayor Fred Busse, "what do you think of the little ones? And Leahy, you'll excuse me if I was sharp with you when you spoke to me. My best friend isn't my friend when I'm watching a game."

His violet Irish eyes twinkle over the company. It is plain to see that Comiskey always holds his own back-thought. The baseball writers call him "The Old Roman." It fits like a glove. His proper setting is not a brown sack suit and a high-crowned gray Fedora hat and a seat in a private car, but a toga, a wreath, and a bench in the Roman Senate. Only—you read this in that shrewd eye, its angle tipped down at the outer corner—he would have been one of those Senators that solemn history has forgotten to record except by glimpses, who slung no poses and kept their heads at banquets and were never once taken in by Cicero's spread-eagle oratory.

"They look very good, the most of them," said Father Quille, spokesman by virtue of his position as shepherd of the flock.



"There was some action around second base." That unloosed the tongues. Everyone had his favorite, but most were loud in praise of that snappy little man at shortstop.

"He moves like a ball player," said even Callahan. "Shortstop is filled, I guess," said a reporter, expressing the optimism of his profession when it comes to anything which makes news. And so we babbled of the "find."

Comiskey shifted his cigar and his hat. His easy smile broke out, disturbing a dimple which has no rightful place on the face of an Old Roman.

"Maybe," he said, "and maybe not. That boy's been playing at home. His arm's in shape. It's to his credit that he got fit. I like that. But handling ground balls is not all there is to this game. Maybe he didn't get a real chance to show me anything. Maybe there were no pinches. What did you think of the shortstop on the blues?"

"The Boy With the Front"

A SILENCE here. No one had paid much attention to the shortstop on the blues, except to notice that one ground ball got away from him. What Commy observed about him we never knew—some shift or trick or motion which escaped even Callahan.

"That's the boy with the front—am I right?" asked Callahan. And all the insiders laughed.

"Cal's referring to what he said to Bobby Wallace," said Comiskey, perceiving, with the tact which never deserts him, that some of us were on the outside. "Where did I buy him, Cal? Well, anyhow. He looked over the St. Louis Browns last year, and he said to Bobby Wallace afterward: 'Bo, there's no place on this team I can't fill better than it's filled now.'"

"You may laugh, if you want to," said Callahan, an aggressive fire lighting his blue eyes, "but that's the spirit for a ball player." Those emotional shifts of Callahan's are quick and puzzling. He is worth a paragraph of description here and now.

Jimmy Callahan, Comeback

ALL the baseball world knows the marvel of Callahan's comeback. A good pitcher in his early twenties, he was considered out of it at thirty. Shelved, he formed and managed the Logan Squares, a semiprofessional team of Sunday players and barnstormers. He was thirty-six when the progress of the times made the Logan Squares unprofitable. At that age—when few ball players rank above the bush leagues—he had the nerve to try for the White Sox as an outfielder. What he did in batting and base running the records show; no record can possibly show what he did with his brain. Here he is, better than ever, a playing manager in charge of the team. During the winter he performs a monologue on the vaudeville circuit; and the critics say that he doesn't need his base-



The Education of a Recruit

"That snappy little shortstop" watching Captain Harry Lord



"Kid" Gleason

Head instructor in Comiskey's kindergarten



chasing it. For "there isn't but one ball in a game," says Callahan.

No one, except perhaps Harry Lord, can make the slightest error in baseball sense without feeling the rough edge of his tongue. He belongs to the race which believes in deference to superiors, discipline in inferiors, this Jimmy Callahan.

Mike Donlin's Way

BUT Callahan is speaking: "It's a fine spirit, all right. I wish I had it. Do you know, that's what makes Mike Donlin the great batter he is? Now me—I am easy for Robinson—I disguise here the name of an American League star pitcher. 'I've held to the notion he's got my goat—and so he's got it. That fellow's cunning. It always seems to me that he reads my mind and knows just what I'm not expecting. Maybe he gets it from my position. When I go up to the plate, I can't get it out of my head—you know—that he'll outguess me. But Mike—he strikes out and comes back to the bench mad as a hornet. He says: 'He's got nothing on the ball—nothing at all'—or he cusses the umpire. And if you ask him how he happened to fan, then, he says: 'Aw, I bit at a wide one—wait till I come round again.' That's the spirit that wins ball games."

"You're right there," put in Comiskey, committing himself, now that the conversation had become general. "Fifty per cent of this game is mechanics. But the big League teams don't average so different mechanically—just a few points apart in batting and fielding and base running—and half the time the averages are a bunk. When you get a Ty Cobb or a Mathewson, that's different; but lots of teams have won championships without Cobbs or Mathewsons or anybody like 'em. Condition counts a little. Most of the other fifty per cent is spirit and brains. And I'm not so sure but spirit is more important."

"The pepper," said Bill Dorgan.

"The Good Old Pep"

"SURE, the good old pep," interposed Callahan. "And it goes with brains. Look at Ty Cobb now. Put him beside—" (but I will omit the name). "Both great players. Is there any question who is more useful to a ball club? Watch Ty Cobb come to bat. You can see the spirit of that boy get right into the backbone of the team. The crowd would sit up and expect something doing, even if they didn't know who he was. It's that, more than any foolishness about his spikes, which makes Cobb so hard to tag. When the baseman sees Ty Cobb coming, he knows he is going to make that tag or die. Cobb never uses his spikes rough, unless he's been done dirt. Once I saw him slow up and go out because Harry Lord was blocking him off accidentally. His spirit is what tears 'em up. And take the other side of it. I've watched infielders in a pinch, and I can tell the weak members, even when they're snipping off pegs from the catcher like acrobats and throwing like rifles. If there's a man on first and third, and Lajoie or Cobb or Speaker's at the bat—you know—I see 'em pulling away from the hit."

"But the boy with the pep in him—he's right on his toes waiting to pull something off. And he's the one I pick for any ball team."

Comiskey's shrewd eye twinkled obliquely on Callahan, and he

pushed his light-gray hat further back on his iron-gray head.

"What bearing does that have on our first-base question, Cal?"

"I noticed it, too," replied Callahan. "When a boy sits waiting to be ordered to play—when he's not out with a bat crazy to do something—well, you know."

"He looks like a ball player, too," said one of the reporters.

"Yes. Moves like one," said the Old Roman. "Meets the ball fine. 'Tis a pity. Well, these kids often get on to themselves after a while. Maybe a year or two of seasoning in a Class A League will do it. You never know just when a boy's going to grow into a man. Who caught your eye among the catchers?"

A High Social Function

WE NAMED our names; and each had a candidate. The White Sox carried South almost a team of young catchers.

"And not a word for —?" asked Comiskey.

"He pegged wild to the bases," said Father Quille, resting his glass of mineral water on his knee and regarding the Old Roman with an eye of scrutiny.

"Notice he wasn't afraid to peg, though?" asked Comiskey. "Pep again. Where did I buy that boy, anyhow?"

"From the bush," said Callahan; and "I was sweet on that young pitcher with the fade-away," said Father Quille.

The oracle shifted his pearl-gray hat again, and moved to the side-board. When a guest is served in Comiskey's car, the host loves to serve personally. As he searched for that twenty-year-old stuff which a departed White Sox rooster bequeathed to the management, he brushed his way through withering floral tributes from the living. This Southern junket of the White Sox is not all a matter of business. It is also a high social function—an opportunity for the rooters to show what they think of the White Sox and for the White Sox to reciprocate. Had you searched the larder in the rear, you would have found other and more substantial tributes, as the bag of quail which Ban Johnson shot last season and has kept in cold storage for the occasion, a saddle of venison from the north woods, a box of selected fruit from admirers in Florida.

"Were you?" asked the Old Roman. "Well, can anybody tell me now what you think of the big red-headed one?"

"They got six hits off him in three innings," ventured Bill Dorgan courageously.

"Suppose he was a wise boy and didn't take any chances with his arm in this weather?" said Comiskey. "It's right to have pepper and be up and doing, as Callahan says. But his arm is a pitcher's capital. And there's six weeks more of this training trip. Did you see him fail to protect himself? And did you notice any waste motions? How about that? Huh?"

Ed Walsh

IF HE stands fire," said Callahan, helping himself to a Charles A. Comiskey cigar. Callahan's wildest dissipation since he started to come back, four years ago, is to mouth one unlighted cigar a day. "That's the test—you know—standing fire. And that's the great thing about the big fellow." He nodded his head backward to the rear compartment where Walsh was singing "Roaming in the Gloaming" in a pleasant, half-trained tenor voice. "It ain't how hard and true he can throw a ball, and God knows nobody I ever saw can throw one harder and truer. It's his heart. When the hits are coming and there's a man on third—then's when Walsh has just got to win. He hardly knows what liquor tastes like. Smoking a cigarette just once in a while is all he does with anything which would hurt him. And that's not all principle with Walsh. It's because he'd rather be called to the relief in the ninth inning when the bases are full, and retire the side, than have any other fun in the world."

"Just a great big kid," said

the oldest reporter. "Did you watch him swapping nigger dialect yarns with the porter last night?"

"On that side of him, maybe," said Callahan; "shut up, here he comes now." And Walsh, still humming a tune away up in his nose, heaved into the room. He is as big as a horse and as clean as a May morning, this Walsh. His complexion glows with that radiant pink-and-white which tan does not affect, and his eyes are as clear in the ball as new porcelain. He was dressed for the afternoon—a gray-blue suit and a waistcoat of unborn calfskin, presented by admirers at the stockyards. On his watch chain gleamed his gold-and-diamond souvenir of the 1906 world's championship; and for that day's decoration of his scarf he had chosen his emerald-and-diamond pin.

"Ye were ta-alkin' about me," said Walsh, assuming a rich comedy brogue to cover his embarrassment. "Well, I'll let you. I'm goin' to be rubbed." He heaved down the hall, grinning back over his shoulder.

"There you are," said Callahan. "Right there. I have to drive some of those youngsters to be rubbed. But Walsh—he's been on the table every morning with the trainer."

"I'll Teach Them Anything I Know"

WALSH, be it known, is famous for a "half-balk" motion to first which makes the runner hug the base. It is a preliminary flourish as he prepares to pitch, so cunningly done that none can tell whether he is about to throw to first base or to the plate—yet the umpire cannot conscientiously call it a balk. As he took up the thread where Walsh broke it, Father Quille referred to that.

"I found him talking to one of the young pitchers," said Father Quille. "The boy had asked about that motion to first, and Walsh was showing him with an orange to represent a baseball. 'It's all right when they ask me,' Walsh said, 'but I'm through volunteering and having them go away and say I'm swell-headed. If they come to me, I'll teach them anything I know.' That's Walsh."

"Yes, disposition has a lot to do with making a pitcher," said Comiskey. "I never knew any of the great ones, from Clarkson down, who didn't have a good disposition."

"Sure, I can tell a lot about a pitcher from twenty minutes' talk with him—you know," said Callahan. "I suppose," Callahan went on, "that Kid Gleason has got that snappy little shortstop up in his room by now, teaching him what he don't know about blocking runners."

Kid Gleason, the retired scourge of umpires, is assistant manager and coach of new material for the White Sox.

"So you caught that too?" asked Comiskey, inspecting the band on his cigar. Both paused.

"What's that?" I asked innocently. The White Sox



James J. Callahan



Father Quille
Helping the fungo hitters



Big Ed Walsh

(The figure to right of the photograph.) On the bench at Houston

rooters turned upon me eyes which held great pity for my ignorance, but Callahan spoke with the tolerance of wisdom.

"Maybe you saw Bodie shove him off the bag once," he said. "You can talk about inside play and signs and all that, but a great deal in the making of heady ball players comes with experience. You can develop brains in a man, which is curious but true. I've known 'em so boneheaded in the beginning that they'd try to steal second with the bases full—work the John Anderson, you know. And I've known the same men, before they got through, to be playing ball above the ears. You must learn the little points, and then find the trick of using them instinctively. When a team's losing by 2 to 1 or 4 to 3 right along, it's not hard luck, as the papers say. No, sir. It's neglecting the fine points. Now here's an example. You remember when I came home with the tying run in the first game of the Inter-City series last fall?"

Between Defeat and Victory—Two Extra Steps

AGRIN of pleasurable reminiscence lit every face in the circle, and Comiskey took his cigar out of his mouth to laugh.

Remember! Constantinople of old was divided between those who backed the green in the amphitheatre and those who backed the blue, so Chicago is divided between the Cub rooters and the Sox rooters. And last year an attendance like that of a world's series saw the Sox take four straight from the Cubs.

"Now I hate to say anything about a man that's dead," pursued Callahan, "but Jimmy Doyle—poor Jimmie that we buried last winter, and a nice fellow—lost the game for the Cubs. I was on second, and Zeider made a single, bringing me in. Going all the way home was a chance, the best way you looked at it. I slid in safe on a close decision. If Jimmie had been older at the game, or meaner, he'd have stood on third base and made me run around him. Just two extra steps, but they'd made the difference—see? He got out of my way, and I had a clear road. Pulled the good-fellow stuff—you know—but it lost the game. That's one of the things you learn by experience. There's lots of them. Now Kid Gleason will talk to this boy—"

"Yes," interrupted one of the war correspondents, "I heard him talking to all the infield recruits as I passed first base before the game. He was saying: 'Get over by third base, the whole lot of you, so I can tell you what you are. There's ladies in the stand.'"

"He'll teach him how to block 'em off," proceeded Callahan, "and how to keep from being shoved off himself, and how to handle the rough-necks. You didn't see Gleason get spiked when he was on second. If a man jumped into him feet first, the Kid would fall on him and ride him in."

"There's a whole college education in inside batting," said Comiskey, by way of steering the lecturer.

"This way," pursued Callahan, his mind clicking like

forked lightning, as it does by habit. "When you're going to work the hit and run with a man on second, let the runner try to draw a throw or a bluff from the catcher, and see whether it's the shortstop or the second baseman who starts to cover the bag. The batsman sees that, and when he hits, he tries to slice or pull the ball through the ground that will be left uncovered. And when you observe that they're working the same trick on you, have the second baseman and the shortstop cook it up to make the wrong bluff—outguess 'em—you know. Then there's opposing pitchers. Take Pyne—" (name disguised). "He's got all the speed and stuff that is, but he has a way of blowing up in about the eighth or ninth—tires—gets his edge off—you know. Help the likes of him along by running him off his legs. This way: when the game's near over and you're behind, you'll risk a run to get to the pitcher. And when the pitcher comes to bat, a smart fellow like Harry Lord will let a grounder go through his own legs just to get him on the bases. When you've got him on, let him take long leads. If you catch him dodging between bases, you can tease him pretty near to death. Last year we got to Pyne twice that way—wore him out with work and worry on the bases. And everybody said 'the Sox rallied at the finish!' That's inside play, more than signs and signals."

Ted Sullivan, who had retired in order to present an autograph copy of "Humorous Stories of the Baseball Field" to Francis the porter, returned at this moment and caught the last phrase.

"Signs and signals!" he snorted, the fine scorn of an older generation wrinkling his apple cheeks, "the like of Mike Kelly didn't need signs."

"You've said it," remarked Comiskey. "If you had nine Mike Kellys on the field, you wouldn't need them



Jimmie Block

Watching the "Goofs" on his day off

he's surprised. The ball went way out in left-field foul territory, and we both came home—with the game. You couldn't make the Boston players or the Boston team believe we hadn't cooked that up in advance. They

were so sure of it that we drew throws from them afterward by bluffing at pulling this play. But neither of us had thought of it before the second when I saw I was caught off first."

"Well, wasn't quick thinking always a part of the game?" inquired Ted Sullivan.

"Ah, yes, but baseball has been worked out wonderfully since we broke in," interposed Comiskey. "Look at first base when Von der Ahe signed me for St. Louis. The first baseman was just a dub. All he did was to stand up and be thrown at. When you got too slow for the infield, they sent you to the outfield, and when you couldn't chase a fly on your poor old legs, they put you at first. That was the jumping-off place."

"It was different when you got through," said the oldest reporter with admiration.

"Well, if it was," said Comiskey, "'twas because I realized that I'd have to make something of the position—me a kid and shoved in where they generally put the crip-

ples. I was young and crazy for a big chance." Here Comiskey stopped, his modesty inhibiting him from telling what he did with his chance. But Ted Sullivan, who sent Comiskey to St. Louis, spoke for him:

"When Commy began to play deep and off the bag, they laughed at him. After he'd showed 'em, they said he played like a shortstop. He didn't. He played it like a first baseman. The trouble was, they'd never seen a first baseman—only a hitching post."

"You Bet That Commy Knows"

FRANCIS the porter entered and began jiggling the silver on the sideboard suggestively. The reporters discovered that they must file their stories, and Father Quille remembered that he had an engagement to dine at the local parish house. As we filed down the track, Comiskey stood on the observation platform of the car, waving us good-by.

"I'm glad you liked my squad," he called after us. "Got your candidates picked?" He smiled from the corner of his shrewd eyes.

"He doesn't seem any too sure himself," I said in my innocence to Callahan.

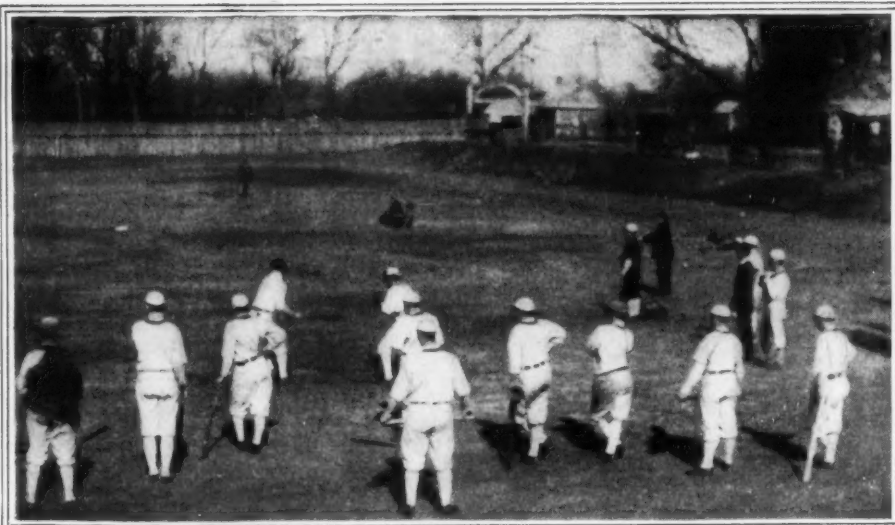
"Him?" said Callahan, "he knows right now. He wasn't watching for nothing. Bet I could pick his line-up for the opening game on April 11, only for one thing."

"That's—" "Stage fright. You know—some of these boys that are hopping so lively now may get careful when they're close to the real thing—see!"

"But how about batting?" "You can tell when a man meets a ball, can't you—and how he meets it. Commy's picking is about done—he don't have to look at a ball player in fast company for more than nine innings."

"For Commy ain't no bloomin' fool—you bet that Commy knows," recited the oldest reporter.

"Can Kipling," said Callahan; "the best writer we ever had was O. Henry, to my way of thinking. Say, why don't some of you fellows make a vaudeville sketch of that story of his where . . ."



Batting Practice

Instructing the squad on the "hit-and-run"

—except to show what was being pitched. The more a team plays together, naturally, the less this signaling counts. Lord never used a sign to second base last season—each knew what the other would do. But until all ball players get as good as that, you have to use them."

"Yes, but a head that works quick is what counts," said Callahan. "That's the real inside ball. No two situations are ever just alike anyhow. They only look so."

"For instance, that play of yours and Lord's last season—the one the Boston papers couldn't believe," said one of the reporters. "Tell him about it, Cal." He nodded toward me, the one outsider at this family party.

"It'll seem to ye that I boast," said Callahan, playfully throwing on the brogue. "Well, anyhow, I was on first and Harry Lord on second, and the sign was for the hit and run. I'd taken a long lead. The catcher outguessed us. He called for a pitch-out. It came up too wide for the batter to touch, and the catcher pegged the ball to first. The instant he threw, I saw I never could make it back. I was caught for fair. I turned and ran for second. I'd yelled 'Beat it, Harry!' as soon as I started, but I didn't have to do that. Harry had got the idea as soon as I; he was near halfway to third when I saw him. The first baseman caught the ball and whirled around blind, expecting to tag me as I slid into him. I wasn't anywhere around, and right there he lost a piece of a second. When he straightened up to throw, he saw a man going for third, and little time to spare at that. He threw wild, which any man is likely to do when



The Special Car

As it left Chicago, Comiskey is the figure on the platform in the light hat; Walsh stands to his right

That Prodigious Pete

Remarkable Adventure of a Well-Auger
Magnate in Mail-Order Finance

By G. W. OGDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

BUT, of course, the rule that a man's face mirrors his habits of thought does not always hold. Take a grafter, for example. His pursuit in life being that of deceit, it follows that his capital must consist largely of looking like something else. In the case of Elijah William Gumm, promoter of oilless oil wells, his success was due largely to the resemblance which he bore to a noted evangelist. Mr. Gumm was a mail-order rogue. He placed his own picture on all of his advertisements, and he would have guaranteed, in gold letters and green seal, to uproot and deliver by post, an oil well to any person forwarding fifty dollars to "cover initial expenses."

Mr. Gumm's business never progressed beyond "initial expenses," any more than his oil wells ever got beyond white dots on the blue-paper scheme of his imaginary field. If Mr. Gumm's announcements in the newspapers were to be credited—and that they were credited the growing bulk of his daily mail appeared to confirm—he was engaged in the great public work of subduing an octopus. "An octopus whose hands," said Mr. Gumm, rising in his fervor above mere natural history, "are laid in greed even upon the lamp which dimly burns through the long night hours beside the fevered couch of poverty and pain."

Mr. Gumm's policy was to operate far from home, play the game fearlessly and without favor, and never to take money from his friends. But as his education had been laid upon that homely, respectably solid old belief that business admits no friendship, Mr. Gumm did not lose anything by including that abnegating provision in his code.

MR. GUMM, from his office in an obscure Kansas town, one of the many which grew up in an hour of sunshine at the margin of the great oil basin of the Southwest, was appealing to the long-suffering and vindictive public for assistance to, first, develop his company's oil wells; second, build refineries to fit the oil for the lamps which flickered beside the couches of pain.

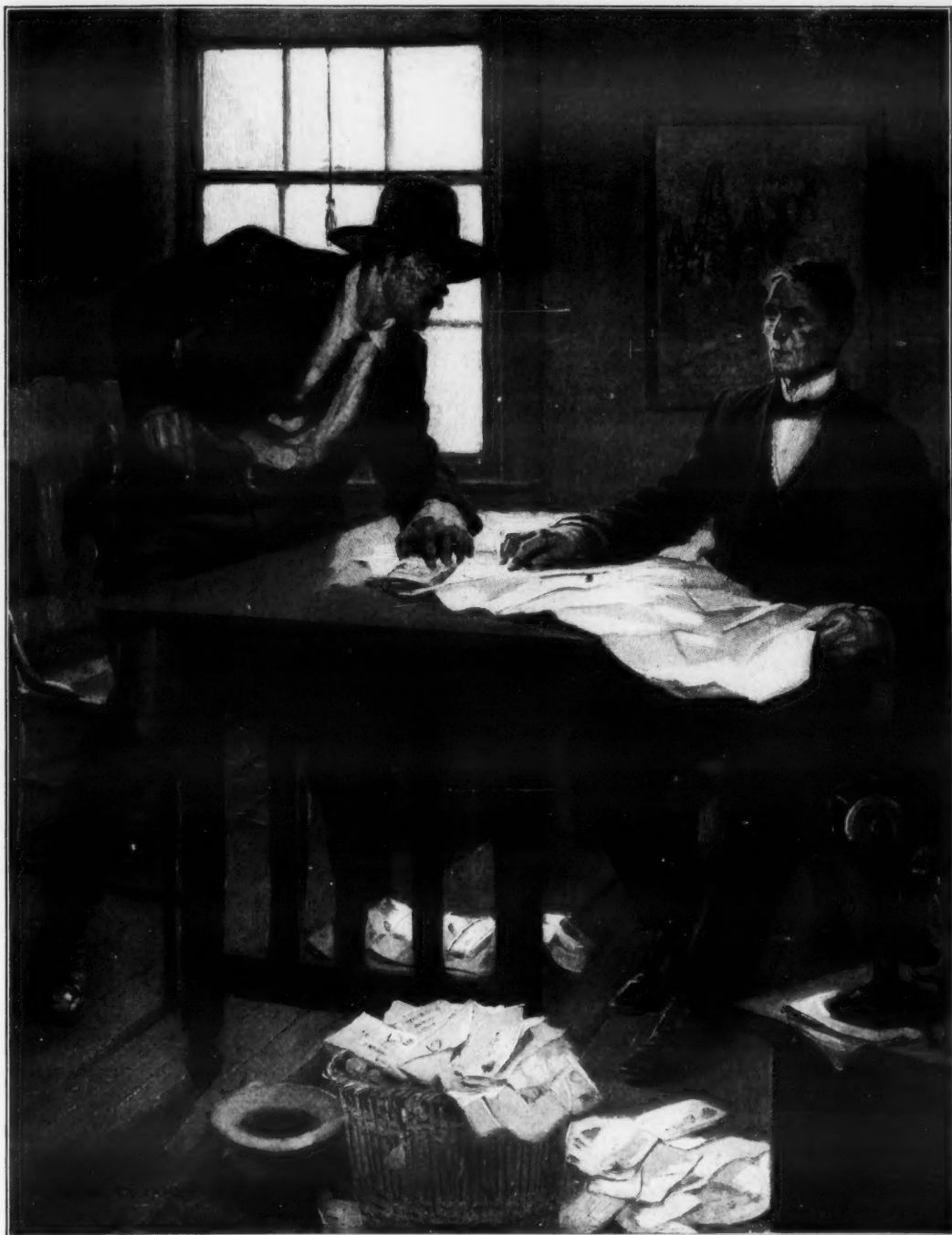
He began his campaign for cash with a full-page advertisement in many Eastern Sunday papers, showing the picture of an oil derrick and a fountain of oil belching out of a newly opened lake. Around the picture he computed the profits which would grow out of a well yielding a thousand barrels of oil a day. "On the Aunt Sally oil lease"—Mr. Gumm called his company the Aunt Sally—"experts compute that we have room for ten such wells," said he. Stock for developing was offered for ten cents a share. "Wire your reservations," urged Mr. Gumm.

"Laying foundation for refineries at Nicotine and Chickendale," said the next advertisement, branching out into a scheme for piping the refined oil to the Missouri River, to which it would flow by gravity, said Mr. Gumm, although the river was three hundred miles from his office and up hill all the way. But that didn't trouble Mr. Gumm. He was used to doing an uphill business; that was his trade.

"Carload of barrels ordered for refinery at Chickendale," yelled his next advertisement in a shriek heard from Boston to Buttonhole, showing, as a frank and open matter of good faith between man and man, a picture of a box car at a station platform. Such evidence as that could not be controverted. "Carload of pipe for Missouri River pipe line ordered from Pittsburgh," he announced presently, with a map showing how the pipe would reach from Chickendale to the Missouri, whence boats—to be built and owned by the all-covering Aunt Sally Company—would carry the oil down the Mississippi.

What would become of it then Mr. Gumm did not attempt to relate in one small newspaper page. It was sufficient that he had already defeated, in his glowing plans, the conspiracy between the corrupt railroads and the oleaginous octopus which had its hand upon the invalid's lamp.

HITCH sentiment to an alluring gamble and you have a team that will pull the money out of shrewd old Uncle William's pocket without wetting a hair. Patriotic citizens in all quarters of the country came nobly to the aid of Mr. Gumm, not because of the lure of sudden wealth—far be it from the intention to impute



It was a situation he had managed, heretofore, to dodge

any such vulgar incentive—but because they had a humane desire to see the valiant champion give the octopus a deadly blow with his battle-ax between the eyes.

THAT was a dry year in Oklahoma. Pete and Wallace Crandall, after watching their spindle-shanked corn wither up in the sun until there wasn't enough of it left to make the winter's snuff for a grasshopper, hauled out the well-boring outfit which they carried from Kansas with them when they made the run at the opening of the Cherokee Strip.

It was a most effective apparatus, Pete and Wallace heaving against the beam originally designed for a horse, a derrick arrangement overhead for hoisting the bitt and dirt from the hole, with extra sections to bolt to the shank as the hole deepened. The horse was reserved for transporting the outfit from place to place, and for hoisting the dirt.

A man earned his keep on that job, milling around and around from sunup until dusk, getting paid only for such holes as produced water. In the first place, Pete and Wallace guaranteed to provide "living" wells. Their auger was as powerless as an onion against rock, so when they encountered a ledge in their groping after water they were obliged to begin anew in another spot. Sometimes they would put down half a score of holes before finding a place where their bitt could bite down to water. For this humanitarian labor they received fifty cents a foot. Frequently they bored five hundred feet and got paid for only fifty. That was the best scheme for making money they could devise. Compared to the methods of Mr. Gumm, it was crude, almost savage, in its lack of imagination.

But, considering the brains behind the enterprise, they did very well. By fall they had \$500 between them, when the rains set in, giving everybody plenty of water,

putting them out of a job. It was while at Tulsa, on the way back to their claims, that Pete first saw Mr. Gumm's advertisement in a Kansas City paper.

By that time Mr. Gumm had got the octopus on the long lope, tight after it, gouging it to fresh agony with each succeeding advertisement in the fearless and upright press. Incidentally, he was preparing to close up his campaign and move to another field, as any person familiar with his methods would have known by the fact that he was fishing for business so near home as Kansas City. Mr. Gumm always made a quick clean-up at the end as near to his own temporary door as good business permitted. Being a mail-order promoter, he was strongly disinclined to meet any of his clients face to face.

Pete, as the business manager of the well-auger company, pondered over the promise of the advertisement as they jogged home in the one-horse wagon which carried the outfit. Shares would advance at the end of ten days from the date of the announcement, said the advertisement, from ten to twenty cents. Pete, sharp financier, saw before he had studied the advertisement two days that the man who got his shares before the advance stood to double his money. He laid the matter before Wallace, but Wallace, not being a man accustomed to dealing in large matters, couldn't get the hang of it. Suppose, argued Wallace, that a man couldn't sell his shares after he got them, how was he to get his money back?

PETE'S patience ran completely down trying to argue it plain. "If you bought a horse worth twenty dollars for ten dollars, wouldn't you still have the horse?" That's the way Pete illustrated it, and it is doubtful whether Mr. Gumm himself, resourceful as he was, could have advanced a clearer solution, at least one



The advertising manager stopped by Richard's desk

Sentimental Twaddle

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS : : : ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

"I'M SICK to death of all this sentimental twaddle," said the dignified head of the publishing house. He leaned back in his chair and put his feet upon the manuscript of a popular serial. "She loved him so and wore pink chiffon. Bah! How I'd like to spank them both!"

"But the public," said the editor of the magazine, with a twinkle in his tired eyes—"the public does not look at it in that way."

"I sometimes wonder how even the patient public stands it," put in the literary conscience of the house. He had a broad ribbon to his glasses, which made him look like a French savant. He also had an international reputation as a critic.

"It's as much as I can do to read the stuff," said the head of another department, a man with a shovel-shaped beard, "but the fool public devours it by the yard."

"At any rate, I notice that we keep on publishing it," remarked the head of the educational department, a dried-out, serious person who had a grim sense of his responsibility to the rising generation.

"Yes," said the head of the firm, "or else we couldn't afford to publish things of importance, like that new book of Professor Stansbury's, 'The Economic Aspect of Marriage.' Now, that's worth while. I am proud to have our imprint on such work. But who will read it? Nobody, except college professors. The public doesn't want to think; it wants to feel. It doesn't want wholesome truth; it wants sugar-coated lies."

And then the conference broke up, and the various heads of the departments resumed their respective jobs of satisfying the public's taste with a sigh of regret for their inability to uplift it.

WHILE this discussion about sentimental twaddle was going on in the private office, outside in the main room, crowded with desks and employees, sat Richard, a bright-cheeked, well-set-up young man of twenty, industriously sorting out the page proofs of Professor Stansbury's epoch-making book upon "The Economic Aspect of Marriage." And near by at a desk almost touching Richard's, with shadowy eyes downcast, sat a pretty typewriter, rapidly clicking out letters to college presidents. Richard and she were not discussing anything. They were merely unimportant cogs in the great machine. But she was an unusually pretty typewriter, with a delicate, transparent skin, a sweet, wholesome person. She had a great amount of hair,

brown in color, fine in texture, complicated in arrangement. It is to be feared that she did not make the men in the office think. But she could not help that. She was as God made her.

God made her modest withal. She seldom looked up, even when Mr. Hawes of the educational department said: "Miss Moore, will you take this dictation, please?" But Richard often looked up, because he, too, was as God made him.

He looked up as often as three times while the important conference was taking place in the private office. He looked up now. And sighed.

THE window was open and the soft spring came into the publishing office—all the way into the educational department. Perhaps the pretty typewriter also felt the spring. Perhaps she heard the sigh. This much is certain: Quite suddenly, quite unexpectedly she, too, looked up and caught Richard's gaze upon her. Just for a fraction of a second she held it; just for a fraction of a second Richard with a choking feeling looked into her shadowy eyes. Then she bent to her work again, writing letters to college presidents, clicking the keys with a light, sure touch. And Richard bent to his work again, sorting out the proofs of "The Economic Aspect of Marriage." But each now had a delicious secret, while they silently worked in the outer room, and the heads of the departments discussed sentimental twaddle in the inner room. The pretty typewriter did not look up again. But she had seen. She knew now.

Richard did look up again. He, too, had seen, but he did not know. He only hoped, while his heart thumped so loud that it might almost have been heard by the pretty typewriter if she had stopped clicking the keys. But she did not stop; she worked as if greatly interested in college presidents.

This was too much for Richard. He was not interested in "The Economic Aspect of Marriage." Recklessly he reached forth and filched one of the firm's envelopes. A man cannot stop to think when he is feeling strongly. God had made Richard a predatory male. It was a stamped envelope with a printed address such as is used to inclose with letters for reply. On the blank back he wrote in an eager hand: "Wouldn't this be a fine day for a walk in the park?" And still feeling more than he thought, he placed it on top of a completed set of page proofs which he handed quite calmly to the pretty Miss Moore. Then he began upon

another set of proofs and stopped looking up. But Richard's heart did not stop thumping. Only the clicking had stopped. That made the thumping more violent.

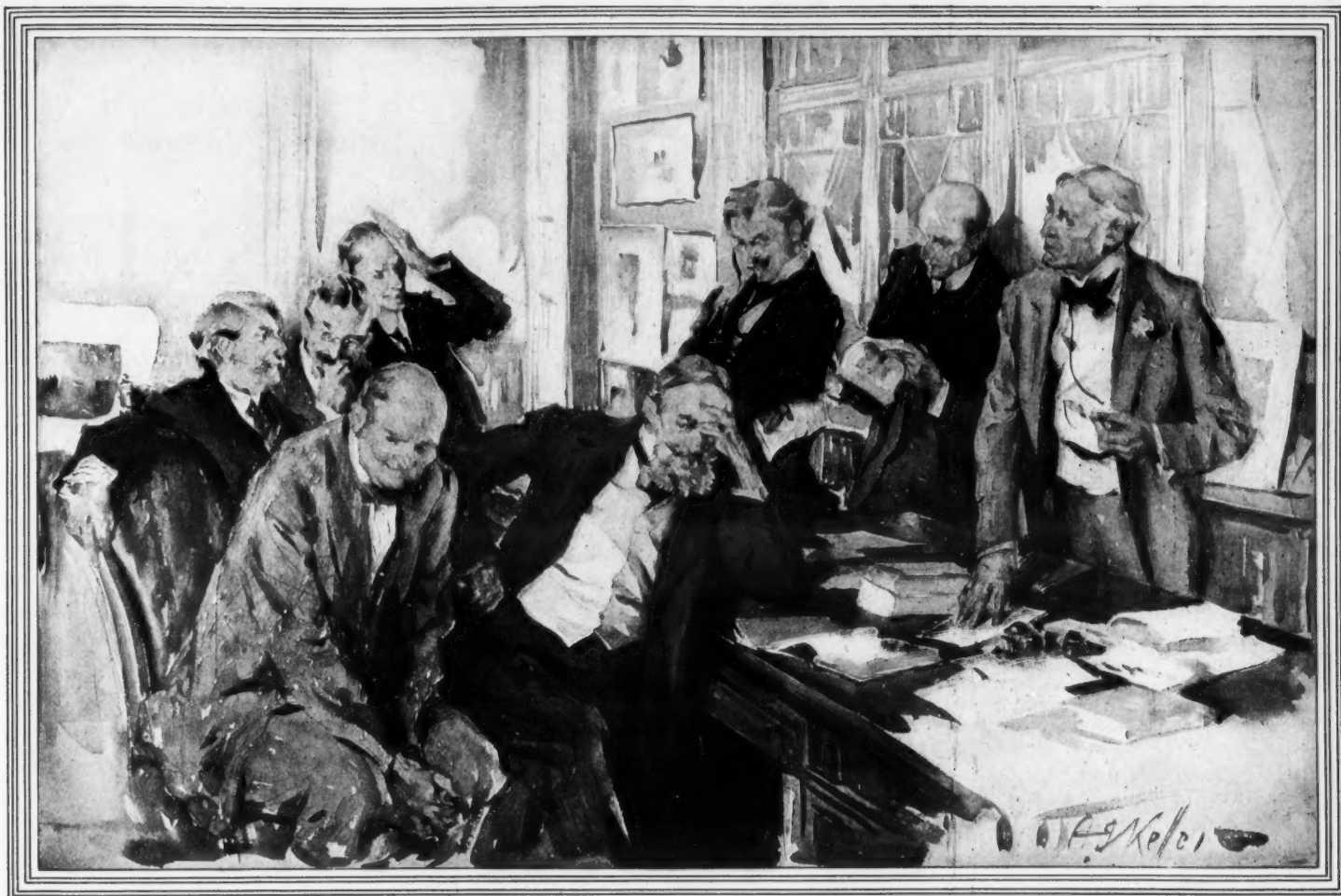
Presently a small hand flashed before his industrious eyes, and disappeared again, leaving a faint odor, sweeter to Richard than the spring, leaving also, upon the page proofs of Professor Stansbury's scholarly work, the envelope—printed side up. Eagerly he turned it over. There, beneath his own scrawl, in a hand finer, more controlled than his, was written: "It is a fine day." Already the typewriter was clicking again.

Another balmy breath of spring stole in through the windows. Richard ignored the page proofs before him, for now he was writing literature of his own: "Will you take a walk with me in the park after work? Please write me a note, just on the machine. Oh, I love you so!" This upon the same envelope, under her non-committal line, went back to her now without the pretext of page proofs. Richard's love was becoming bolder.

While the pretty typewriter was reading this, Mr. Hawes came out from the editorial conference like a dragon from his cave, and said in his dried-up voice: "Miss Moore, will you take this dictation, please?" He did not observe that his young secretary's delicate cheek was flooded with a rich crimson. For Mr. Hawes seldom looked at her, if he could help it, being a good husband, the father of five children and the superintendent of a Sunday school in Upper New Rochelle.

Miss Moore had hurriedly put the envelope to one side, turning up its sober, businesslike face; so that, despite its having carried three unbusinesslike messages upon three perilous journeys, it now looked, as it rested there, precisely like all its companions, recently arrived from the printer's.

IT WAS a long letter that Mr. Hawes dictated to the lady principal of a college for young women, beginning: "We have great pleasure in sending you by same mail under separate cover the advance sheets of Professor Stansbury's forthcoming book, 'The Economic Aspect of Marriage.'" The firm valued this lady's expert opinion so highly, it seemed, desired her great influence so much, indeed, that Mr. Hawes expressed the hope that she might care to say something which would help the cause of introducing this important work to the waiting world. "Inclosed please find addressed stamped envelope for reply." Delicate truths such as are uncovered in scholarly works upon "The Economic



There was a dead silence broken only by chuckling laughter

Aspect of Marriage" cannot be dismissed with a perfunctory sentence or two, when writing to lady principals. So it was closing time before Miss Moore had finished transcribing Mr. Hawes's painfully composed letter; past closing time, upon a day eminently fine for a walk in the park. Therefore it happened that in her haste, and with a thoughtless lack of interest in the cause of female education, the pretty typewriter, glancing at the clock, snatched up and inclosed the printed envelope which on one side looked so much like the 4,999 others and on the reverse side was so different from all the rest of the envelopes in the world.

Richard, as it happened, also worked overtime this afternoon, without extra pay.

THE lady principal did not wear her hair in the same way as the pretty typewriter, but she too, it seemed, failed to manifest a proper interest in "The Economic Aspect of Marriage," or, for that matter, in any other aspect. She returned the advance sheets without reading them, and wrote a brief note to Mr. Hawes, marked: "Personal and private." The note said: "Please address all further communications in care of the Board of Trustees." This she did not inclose in the stamped, addressed envelope; on the contrary, quite the reverse; she inclosed the addressed envelope in her brief note.

It was folded over to hide the penciled lines, as if to cover a scandal. So Mr. Hawes read the curt note first. He was amazed. Never in the history of the dignified firm had its diplomatic overtures been so scorned by male or female educators. Then his eye fell upon the folded envelope. He read the brief message. He was more amazed. Never before had his serious department's stationery been put to such uneducational uses. (At least, not to his knowledge.) Scowling in perplexity, he looked at the handwriting more closely. He raised his eyebrows. Then he raised his eyes. He looked over at Richard—industriously sorting proofs; at Miss Moore—modestly writing letters. Neglecting for a moment the cause of education, he kept on looking, and as he looked a not unpleasant smile spread over his dried-out countenance.

But this sort of thing would not do. It ought to be stopped. He thoughtfully arose. He quietly stepped across to where the two young lovers sat, side by side. He looked down upon them with a quizzical scowl. Richard looked up inquiringly, grave respect in his handsome young eyes. The middle-aged man turned away as if he had forgotten something. The typewriter kept on clicking.

Mr. Hawes rubbed his chin thoughtfully, then getting an inspiration, he strode resolutely over to the head of the manufacturing department, a fat, good-natured fellow. Mr. Hawes explained the situation and exhibited the documents in evidence.

The fat, good-natured man laughed with relish, arose from his chair and peered across at Miss Moore, at

Richard. Then the fat man also smiled thoughtfully, a broad, tolerant smile. "I don't blame him!" he said, chuckling.

"Something ought to be done about it," said Mr. Hawes in a low, earnest tone, as though urging a good quality of paper for a new textbook.

"I suppose so," said the latter, still looking and smiling. "Why don't you drop the boy a hint?"

"Don't you think you'd better do it?" suggested Mr. Hawes. "He's in your department, you know."

"But the girl is in your department," returned the manufacturer, shaking his head, as if Mr. Hawes had been asking for a too expensive grade of paper.

"But it is out of the question, of course, to speak to her—she's a woman, and a very nice, refined young woman, too—I'd rather be shot than let her know I have this thing in my possession. Besides," he added as a business afterthought, "she would resign. And she is the best secretary I ever had, even though she is so young."

"Well, when it comes to that, Richard is the most promising cub I ever broke in, and besides—I couldn't do it. Why, Hawes, I've got a boy of my own about that age."

Again the two middle-aged men glanced furtively across at the two young lovers. "Look!" whispered Hawes, "there goes another note!"

"I'll bet Richard made her take that walk with him, all right," said Richard's boss, and he said it rather proudly.

"I'll bet he didn't!" returned Miss Moore's employer, and he said it quite emphatically. "Why, she wouldn't look at a mere boy of twenty."

"She wouldn't, eh? Humph! That depends upon the boy. Richard has a way with him."

"But you don't know Miss Moore."

"Well, do you?"

WHEN it came to that Mr. Hawes couldn't say that he did, so they both laughed, and still in the manner of discussing the price of paper they watched in silence for a moment, wondering whether another note would pass. Nothing happened. It seemed to disappoint them, somewhat as long, stupid descriptions disappoint the readers of sentimental twaddle, perhaps. Richard was arranging proofs in a dashing, domineering manner, every inch a man. Miss Moore was typewriting incisively, obliviously, every touch scornfully feminine. "What did I tell you?" whispered the head of the educational department, nodding his bald head triumphantly. "She's not in the least interested in your boy."

"Humph! That doesn't mean anything. They've simply had a little tiff. They'll make it up."

The two sober men considered the possibility for a moment. They wondered just what the tiff was about, though they didn't say so.

"Here, I've got to get to work," said the fat one.

"So have I," said the thin one, "but what shall we do about this thing?"

They finally decided to speak to the advertising manager, who was supposed by reason of his calling to have great tact and no reticence. Besides, he was a bachelor and had no boys of his own to think about.

The advertising man perked up with interest. "Which girl is it?" he asked.

"Miss Moore, my secretary, you know."

HE KNEW—all the men knew—but he tiptoed out and took a good look, as if to refresh his memory. "Well, Dick picked out a pretty one, eh, what?" He smiled reflectively. "A peach," he said—"with the bloom still on."

"But we can't have this sort of thing going on, you know. It's innocent enough, but it won't do. Now the boy is in your regiment and you know him better than we do, would you mind dropping him a little hint, like a good fellow? He'd take it better from you."

"Sure," said the expert in tact, and, being a man of decision, he started brazenly down the aisle of desks, his businesslike glance shifting from Richard to Miss Moore and from Miss Moore to Richard, as they sat there side by side, working industriously, young eyes downcast. The advertising manager stopped by Richard's desk. The boy kept on working for a moment, then, looking up abstractedly, he saw that it was his captain. A boyish smile and a tinge of color came into his face, a look of respectful admiration for the popular officer.

"Dick, don't forget, this is drill night," said the captain, dropping his eyes, and then he passed on as if in a great hurry.

"Well," he said to Mr. Hawes, "you didn't expect me to speak to him about such a thing in business hours, did you? With the girl right there beside him and all that? I was just looking the ground over. Now, tonight I'll let him walk home from the armory with me, then I'll put him wise. By the way, how long has this thing been going on? Tell me all about it."

The head of the educational department told all he knew, prompted occasionally by the head of the manufacturing department.

The next morning Mr. Hawes asked eagerly: "How did the boy take it?"

"Take what?—Oh, that matter. Well, somehow it didn't seem to come in very pat," answered the man who was supposed to have no reticence. "I'll tell you, let's put it up to Henderson; he got the boy his job here and ought to be held responsible for him. I shouldn't mind butting in on the President of the United States if there was a page of advertising in it, but somehow this is different."

Henderson, the manager of the art department, also decided to look the ground over. "An unusually attractive type," he said authoritatively; "several of our illustrators have asked me who she was."

"Yes, Richard seems to find her attractive," said the

(Continued on page 34)

The Yellow Peril on Broadway

By
ARTHUR RUHL

Illustrated by
HENRY RALEIGH



Miss Elita Proctor Otis as
Deep Sea Kitty in "The
Greyhound"

MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON has suggested that Americans are a pretty provincial lot anyway, and that if they don't like "The Typhoon"—which has been arranged for American production from the original Hungarian text of Menyhert Lengyel—they are even less than usually aware of what is good for them. We hasten to state, therefore, that the play is interesting and that the most interesting part of it is that which is least American.

It depicts a tragic love affair between a gifted young Japanese, sent to Berlin on a special secret mission, and a heartless young woman of that city—a sort of a "European geisha girl." The woman breaks through his Japanese stoicism, draws him away from his almost more than religious devotion to his work and his emperor, and then throws him over and insults his people. So the young Japanese chokes her to death.

"The Typhoon"

THE play is so cut for its American production that it is difficult to criticize its author fairly, but as acted here, at any rate, its main episode is rather crude and unimpressive. The interesting part is the Japanese part—the novel sight of Westernized Japanese on our stage, the meeting of European and Oriental in the same clothes and on the same superficial terms.

Here, for instance, are Tokerao and his friends gathered in his apartment for tea. They are in Berlin to acquire the trick of doing the things it has taken the Western world centuries to learn. Not culture—Japan had plenty of "culture" when Germans still dressed in skins—but machinery, battleships, sanitation—they will come back with these and Europe will disappear.

At their head is a stern old samurai in frock coat—excellently acted by Mr. Henry Bergman—who disciplines his juniors like a sort of feudal chief. Students or what not on the outside, actually they are a band, all for each and each for all, and ready to undertake any sacrifice for the fatherland. Whether or not anything of the sort exists, the notion is interesting, and the stiff way they hold their hands, with thumbs turned in, the snatches of reedy, singing Japanese that now and then are heard, the whole melodramatic air of the thing—very well worked up—is creepy enough.

Enter a typical German professor with his artist friend, the latter slightly the worse for drink and correspondingly anti-Japanese. The professor has loaned to old Joshikawa the unpublished manuscript of a book he has been working on for thirty years—has his dear colleague finished it? Ah—yes, indeed, but it was so very interesting that he had taken the great liberty of lending it to one of his friends. The solemn German, flattered and a little puzzled, proceeds to this man. Has he the book? Ah, yes, he read it with the keenest interest—indeed, so interesting was it that he ventured to pass it on to another friend. In short, by working in relays, the Japanese have copied everything essential in the book. Yet they put him off as easily as if he were a child, endure with complete stoicism the insults of his bibulous friend, and then the instant the two are out of the room, drop their impassive masks, be-



Mr. Walker Whiteside as Tokerao in
"The Typhoon"

As Set Forth in "The Typhoon"—"The Rainbow" and Other Plays



The heroine and the villain in that enthralling story
of deep-sea crooks "The Greyhound"

gin to cackle and laugh in their own tongue, and leave no doubt of their contempt for the guests they have just treated with such solemn circumspection.

It appears that it is a Japanese feast day. Shutters are drawn, kimonos cover the black coats, lanterns are lit, and in a moment, squatting in a semicircle on the floor, with an image of Buddha above them, these unusual gentlemen are sipping tea and recalling what their honorable parents and friends are doing at that instant back in Tokyo. The scene is well stage-managed, and the instant in which some one recalls the songs people are now singing at home, and a curious far-away squeaky hum which comes up from the crowd, is especially effective.

It is for such fresh stage material as this and its grim intimation of Japanese readiness to sacrifice all personal comfort for the national good, rather than for the personal tragedy of Tokerao, that "The Typhoon" is most interesting. In its original form, with the trial scene and the rôle of Tokerao's German rival less badly played, the accent may have been different. Mr. Walker Whiteside "presents" this novelty and appears as the young Japanese.

"The Rainbow"

IN SPITE of the disinclination of Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger to admit emissaries of this paper into their temples of art and the wild desire of the public to get into the one containing Mr. A. E. Thomas's "The Rainbow," the feat of entry was nevertheless accomplished and a pleasant time was had.

"The Rainbow" is the simple little story of a father and daughter. Husband and wife had separated—a matter of stubborn pride on both sides—and the mother taken their little girl to France to educate her in a convent. Here, one day, she awakens to the fact that she has, as somebody puts it, "mis-laid her father." An overpowering desire comes over her to see him again, and it is to gratify this wish that the mother, after ten years' absence, consents to bring her to New York.

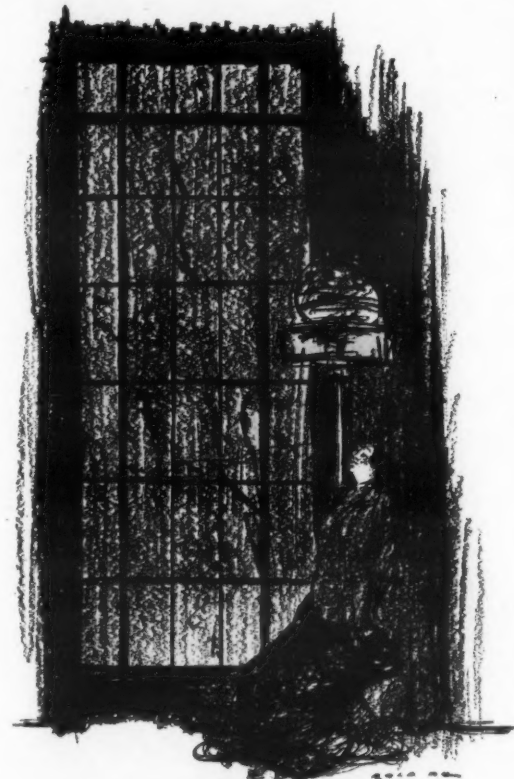
We see the father, the night before she arrives, playing poker with three of his dashing friends. He lives in one of those spacious bachelor apartments which single gentlemen invariably inhabit on the stage, with a deferential old valet to wake him up some time before noon and the sort of crowd about him which a youngish, pleasure-loving man with plenty of money often finds some difficulty in escaping in New York. He has moments of moralizing—"after all," says he over the matutinal grapefruit, "what do we get out of it? A little fatter, a little more sallow, a little more selfish, and then, one day, your valet tries to wake you at nine o'clock and"—it is like Pinero at his profoundest—"and you do not answer."

It is in the midst of one of these moods that the daughter appears—just sixteen, fresh as a windflower, knowing nothing of the world outside of the convent, and filled with happy illusions about her unknown father. Naturally, Sumner's world all at once turns upside down. There is nothing he wouldn't do to make Cynthia happy and to keep her with him always, but at forty unfortunately a man cannot very easily throw over all his friends. The wife, happening in at the peculiarly unfavorable moment, decides that the surroundings are impossible, and that in spite of the idyllic relation which has sprung up between father and daughter, she must take Cynthia back to Europe again. Even Sumner, himself, finally admits that it is for the best.

Happy Tears

THIS parting—the child thinking she is saying goodbye for a few hours, the father feeling that it is forever—is where the audience surrenders. It is written with good taste and a sure understanding of effect, and, although to a theatregoer battered by a whole winter's plays to the point of wishing he were wrestling a polar bear on an isolated ice cake, instead of bracing up to another attack on his sentimentals, the sweet sorrow may seem a little long drawn out, it is doubtful if those who go to the theatre only now and then feel this.

The not unexpected reconciliation in the last act completes a piece so perfectly calculated to please that "The Rainbow" promises to be pretty widely known before it fades away. The piece moves crisply and surely, and, except for the introduction of the rather grotesque American consul in the last act, has a literary unity which Mr. Thomas's other plays—this is young Mr. A. E. Thomas, not "Gus"—rather lacked. It is full of gentle humor—those naturally amusing remarks which occur now and then to quite ordinary people. The reply, for example, of Sumner's sister, when, in answer to her suggestion that Cynthia may not like him when she sees him, he cries: "Not like me? Why, she must; she's my own!"—"Yes, so is the color of my hair, but I don't



The Japanese and his European geisha girl in
"The Typhoon"

like it," is a typical one. Mr. Henry Miller's contribution as the father is solid and capable, but all eyes are on Miss Ruth Chatterton, who succeeds most prettily in making Cynthia the young girl she is supposed to be.

"The Greyhound"

A WILD evening at the theatre is provided by those two voices from the underworld, Messrs. Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner, in their newest carnival of crime, "The Greyhound." Like "The Deep Purple," which, as the "Harvard Advocate" well suggests, might better have been called "The Long Green," this shows a gang of crooks in the act of separating various more or less ingenious people from their money. The action takes place on a big North Atlantic liner, and the

(Concluded on page 32)



The Welch Club

Get on the Welch-Wagon for 1912

WELCH'S is a *man's* drink. Served plain and *cold* it has just the tart-sweet taste that a man likes. As a Welch Grape Ball—chunk of ice, high glass, fill half with WELCH'S, half with charged water—it goes to "the spot." There are many other ways to mix it and fix it.

The man who wants "something before breakfast" finds that something in WELCH'S. It is a drink without a drug and without a *drag*.

It satisfies the thirst. It is a true tonic without an evil aftermath. It ends the craving for something; it is a natural drink, with natural effects.

The National Drink

Welch's

The National Drink

Grape Juice

WELCH'S is nothing but the real, pure juice of the finest Concord grapes grown. No sugar or sweetening is added. We pay a bonus for the best of that wonderful crop grown in the great

Chautauqua belt. We designate the day grapes shall be gathered. A few hours after these grapes leave the vines we have washed and rinsed them, stemmed and pressed them, and the juice is

hermetically sealed *in glass*. When you open a bottle of WELCH'S the juice is *exactly* as it was in the grape. It is this unvarying method that has made WELCH'S *the National Drink*.

You will find Welch's at all soda fountains and in all drug stores, cafes, restaurants, hotels, clubs, dining cars, etc., where the best is served. Get the Welch Habit—for it's one that won't get you.

Keep a case at home. Dozens of times you will serve it to callers, and dozens of times your family will use it in dainty desserts and delicious drinks. Our booklet of recipes for the family use of WELCH'S is sent free on request. Write us for this valuable little book *today*.

Your dealer will supply you, but if for any reason you are unable to get WELCH'S we will ship, express free east of Omaha, a trial dozen pints for \$3.00. We would be glad to send a four-ounce sample bottle, by mail, 10 cents.

Do more than ask for Grape Juice—ask for Welch's—And Get It

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N. Y.



“Play

Get in the game your old jimmy

Just as umps walks over to the plate and tells 'em “play ball,” you jam your jimmy pipe brimful of “P. A.” and fire-up before the first one goes across. Then you're ready for what's next!

Rooting for the winner or condoling with the short end fellows—you *take it straight*—there's nothing that gets 'em over like “P. A.”

Why, say, you can smoke “P. A.” till the last man's out—smoke it *red-hot* while the boys are kicking dust around bases, or kind of *cool-like*, when things look dismal—and never will you get any-

T. J. LYNCH,
President of the National
League of Professional
Base Ball Clubs, who is
enthusiastic over a
good pipe smoke.

PRINCE

the National joy smoke

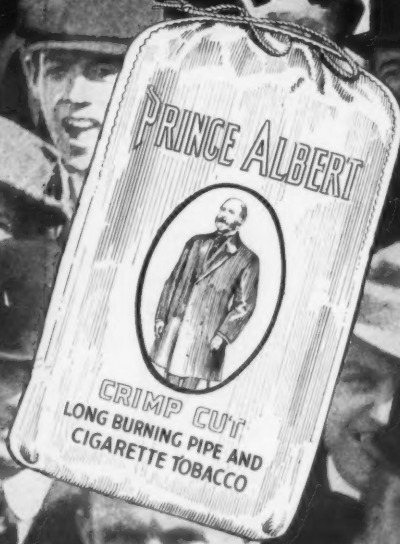
Catch this straight from the bench: Any odd notion you may have that you can't smoke a pipe is dead wrong. Might have been sure enough right before “P. A.” broke into society; but NOW! Listen: you *can* smoke a pipe and you *will* smoke a pipe if you'll play fair with yourself and go right to “P. A.,” *natural like!*

Key that pipe-hungry appetite up to the go-to-it notch. Realize that *here is* tobacco that answers every smoke-desire any man ever had—flavor, aroma, long-burning—and free from the disagreeable sting. *That's cut out by a patented process!*

Just sit, quiet-like, and say to yourself, “Where's my old jimmy pipe?” Let your mind be in a pipe-wise humor; see for yourself the thousands of men who get chummy with a pipe *and stay* chummy all their lives. Get the jimmy-pipe spirit—and let “P. A.” supply the real joy smoke!

Buy Prince Albert tobacco everywhere in the tidy red 10c tins or in the 5c cloth bags, handy for quick service in pipe or cigarette.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



Ball

the game with
old jimmy pipe!

thing like a near-nip on that
tongue of yours! "P. A."
isn't one of the fire-
brands! "P. A." is what
men call *regular to-
bacco*—a pennant-win-
ning joy smoke that hits
the ball right in the teeth,
which means it just strikes
the spot, coming and going.

Doesn't make any difference
what brand of tobacco you're
smoking, or how much you
think you like it, your signal
right now is to swing on the
nearest shop and get next to
some Prince Albert—and go
to it while the going's good
—and the season's young!

BAN B. JOHNSON,
President of the American
League of Professional
Base Ball Clubs, thor-
oughly enjoys a pipe.

ALBERT

the American joy smoke

And say, for the boys who roll them—well, just isn't anything quite so
bully good, so satisfying as Prince Albert tobacco! Reason it out on
the line that tobacco that's got everything, like "P. A.," must be *the*
prime cigarette smoke. And you're right!

Don't miff this: Stop making pick-ups of dust brands that lack flavor,
and burn up like powder and don't get you a lot! Cut out playing the
part of the human sacrifice. Just you get a *real* cigarette smoke, via
"P. A."—and make a hit with yourself! Talk about flavor, and satis-
faction, and long-burning! Why, "P. A." is an education to any man
who's got the spirit to switch over to the straight track that leads to the
joy smoke!

America's greatest men are pipe smokers. They know how to get real
tobacco satisfaction. What's that listen like to you?

Winston-Salem, N. C.

Prince Albert tobacco is
sold in handsome half-
pound and pound humidot
jars as well as in the 10c
tins and 5c cloth bags.



You CAN Afford to Use the Best Varnish

In fact, you can't afford *not* to.

You can't afford to accept the certainty of a poor-looking, poor-wearing job for the sake of the small saving you get in the gallon-cost of cheaper varnish.

And it always is a small saving—small in proportion to the total cost of the job.

Labor makes up two-thirds of the total cost.

The varnish itself is never more than one-third—not much chance to save even if you buy the cheapest varnish.

But a big chance to lose in the final count.

Perhaps you have thought one varnish is as good as another. Perhaps you have felt you needn't bother your head about making a wise choice.

As a matter of fact there are few things you spend money for in which there's such a wide variation of quality—in which there's so much risk of mis-spending.

Fifteen years ago two houses were built side by side at Wilmington, N. C. One was finished with Berry Brothers' Varnish; the other with a cheaper make. The Berry Brothers' house is still in first-class condition; the other has been refinished several times.

Five jobs of varnishing were given an outdoors test at Appleton, Wis. Four of them were finished with supposedly good varnishes; one with Berry Brothers'. At the end of eight months the Berry Brothers' job was the only one that showed no sign of wear or deterioration.

A prominent manufacturer wanted to make sure that he had an absolutely fair test in nine different makes of varnish. So he put samples of each in plain glass bottles of uniform style, sealed and numbered. The general manager was the only one to know the key numbers.

Then these varnishes were sent to the finisher and put to severe test. The one that stood out head and shoulders above the rest was Berry Brothers'.

A large office building in Ohio, a short time ago, presented an unusually good opportunity to prove out the difference in varnish quality. The first story was completed a year before the rest of the building. Four different varnishes were used in competitive test on this first floor—the result to show which would be used on the rest of the building. An ideal test: same conditions, same painters—everything equal, except the varnishes themselves. The result put Berry Brothers' "Liquid Granite" on the rest of the floors a year later—800 gallons of it—purchased because it was *best*, not on account of what it cost.

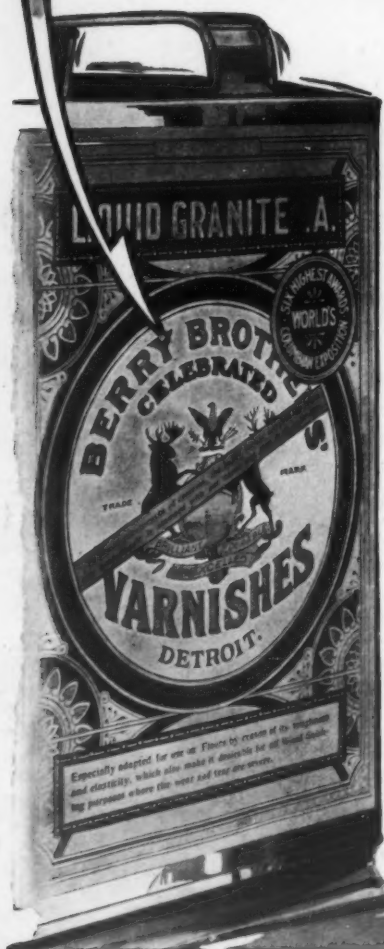
Such examples as these are woven all through the history of our business.

They should point you to the fact that there's a wide difference in varnishes.

And that you *can* afford to use the best.

The amount of varnishing you have to do makes no difference. Whether it's one floor of a house or the entire finishing of a twenty-story building—it is still true.

You *can* afford to use Berry Brothers' Varnishes.



BERRY BROTHERS VARNISHES

ANY dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Architectural Varnishes and will gladly get them for you if he does not carry them in stock. You can always tell them by the well known label on the can, used by us for so many years that it is virtually our trade-mark—your protection against substitution.



This is the most famous of all Berry Brothers' Varnishes, because it takes care of one of the most extensive needs for varnish—on floors—in such a satisfactory way as to give it the widest sale of any single varnish on the market.

To Manufacturers: Every manufacturing requirement in Varnishes, Shellacs, Air-drying Black Japans, Baking Japans, Stains, Lacquers, Fillers and Dryers can be filled under the Berry Brothers' Label.

Our special representative will call on any manufacturer interested in better and more economical finishing.

Write us about your varnish problems. It will place you under no obligation and may mean a great deal to you in the end.

Send for free booklet: "Choosing Your Varnish Maker"—of interest to all varnish users, large or small.

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited
Established 1858

Factories—Detroit, Walkerville, Ont.

Branches—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco.



Gumm snatched a shovel and stretched Gobble on the ground with a blow at the side of the head

That Prodigious Pete

(Continued from page 21)

which would have been a bit clearer to the muddled head of Wallace.

"All right, Pete, all right," sighed Wallace, confused by the whirl of rapidly hatching dollars, "I never was no good at figgers."

PETE, who passed for a man of deep sagacity in his neighborhood since the time he shook down a shell-game man two years before, had fully made up his mind to invest the summer's savings in the Aunt Sally Oil Company when they drove up to the warped little shack straddling the line of their two claims. "Looks like she'd been tryin' to frizzle up like a bacon rind in a hot skillet," said Pete, running his hand over the curved surface of the siding. "We'll have to take them boards off an' turn 'em other side out to straighten 'em. Well, when we cash in on our oil-well shares we'll build one out of see-ment blocks."

"Goin' to go in on that there oil game, air y', Pete?"

"You watch me," answered Pete. "It ain't a-goin' to take me no longer'n I can streak it to the bank an' turn this here money into a draft."

That could not be done until morning, as banking hours were over when the well-auger financier arrived home. Pete drew the wallet which held the wealth from the inside pocket of his vest, slapping it unctuously upon the table. "Lay there an' sprout," he enjoined, "for I'm goin' to plant you in the mornin'."

Outside in the red evening Wallace made a fire under the pot stick, swinging the coffee to boil. When the aroma of it drifted across to the widow who was valiantly holding down a claim next to Pete's, it called her like the cheery hail of a long-absent friend. Pete lurched out to meet her as she came across the fruitless furrows, waving his hat in welcome.

EVENTS had not been at a standstill with the widow while they were away. After a long pull-back, the fraternal society in which he had been insured had paid her husband's \$2,000 policy. The money was in the bank at Lawton, a dead weight on the widow's mind, now that she had it. "I can't sleep nights for thinkin' the bank'll fail or somebody'll bust in and rob it," said she.

"Capital," said Pete, "is a big weight on the mind, same as a big hulk of a boy that hangs around and won't do nothin' to earn his board. You got to keep capital busy if you want it to do you any good." In that philosophical discourse Pete prefaced the lure of the wily Mr. Gumm, coming at the right time and place to the unfolding of the newspaper with the oil man's picture in the center of the advertisement. He went over it with the widow, the page spread out on the table among the plates, her head so close to his hat that an unleashed love-lock at her temple reached out like the tendrils of a vine, tickling his cheek deliciously.

"Money," declaimed Pete, whacking the table with the folded paper after they had gone through Mr. Gumm's figures, "that doubles itself in ten days is what I call good money." Pete looked about him largely, like a case-hardened capitalist, who was willing to bet money on his

own opinion, slowly unbuttoning his vest, storing the paper away in his treasure pocket. "My capital's a-goin' into Aunt Sally, down to the last darned red cent, and when that there stock doubles on the nineteenth, I'm a-goin' to turn right around and sell."

Pete didn't offer even a friendly suggestion to the widow regarding the manner of setting her capital to work earning its board, believing that every capitalist should stand upon his own legs, like every coyote, or every jackass, or every sheep on the wold. He knew that some capitalists were good foragers—not naming any names—and that others, like donkeys and sheep, required keepers. While ready to act, he was not the man to go about seeking the guardianship of irresponsible wealth, especially where selfish motives might be imputed by the mercenary-minded. Everybody knew how matters between himself and the widow stood.

But the widow, to do her shrewdness justice, was all aflame for the little dip in oil. She pressed Pete to add her money to the investment, her eyes big at the wonderful prospect of making two thousand dollars grow into four thousand in the space of a few days, without a lick of work.

PETE'S analytical mind was in a cloud over the letter from Mr. Gumm. After putting it to his blunt instrument to test its squareness and honesty, the letter seemed to show plainly a color of crooked intention. It lacked the open sincerity which Pete felt should exist between capitalists who are on the square. Not alone the capital of the well-auger company had gone into Aunt Sally shares at ten cents each, but the \$2,000 of the widow as well. The day for the stock to advance in value to twenty cents a share had come and gone, and the letter which Pete held in his hand as he sat on the door sill was in reply to one which he had sent to Mr. Gumm asking him to convert the 25,000 shares into cash at twenty cents a share. Mr. Gumm wrote:

I am surprised at your request that I dispose of your stock in the Aunt Sally Oil Exploration, Refining, and Transportation Company, and in reply beg to state that I am not engaged in the brokerage business. I sell only the original stock of this company, and that keeps me busy, in connection with my other duties in superintending work in the fields, on the pipe lines, refineries, etc.

My advice to you is to be game. You have taken this stock in the Aunt Sally Company for better or for worse, knowing, as I told you plainly before buying, that the fight ahead of this company against the Thieves and Rascals who have so long dominated the Oil Fields of the Country, will be an uphill fight. But we are sure to win; we are winning right now, and as soon as work on our pipe lines and refineries begins, the value of all outstanding stock will not only double, but treble.

My advice to you is Be Game. Hang on; don't let the Thieves and Rascals bluff you. Put your Aunt Sally stock in your pocket and count it as so much cash. Don't get cold feet at this stage of the game. It is the Coward who retreats at

The cleanly warmth



There is that feeling of refinement which comes with proven knowledge of cleanliness in a home heated with one of our modern outfits. There is no way for ashes, soot or coal-gases to rise to the rooms above, and affect or destroy the purity or vitality of the atmosphere.

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

The doors of an IDEAL Boiler are accurately machined to fit snugly, and as all joints of AMERICAN Radiators, as well as of the piping, are threaded as perfectly as the finest stop watch, they distribute their soft warmth without scattering grime and gases into the living-rooms, as do old-fashioned heating methods.

Thirty-five years of experience in building special machinery for fitting and erecting IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators make them absolutely reliable in performance and lasting qualities. They will guard and warm your house or business building as faithfully as these outfits now do the priceless treasures of the Vatican, British Museum, Doge's Palace, Louvre, Musée de Cluny, White House, Independence Hall, etc. The quality is always the same, no matter how humble or how notable the building in which are placed IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. Yet the cleverness of our mechanical experts, as well as the great volume of our world-wide business, enables us to put their price within reach of all.

If you want to be a free housekeeper, IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are the only kinds that warm the house without adding to the labor of its care, that do not soil and wear the furnishings and decorations, that will keep a new house new and prolong the life and value of an old house, and that soon repay their cost in the fuel savings. As a lover of and a laborer for health-protecting cleanliness, send today for our valuable book (free) — puts you under no obligation to buy.



A No. 1-19-S IDEAL Boiler and 184 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$105, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Showrooms in all large cities
Write Department 31 CHICAGO



Prodigious Pete

(Continued from page 28)

the beginning of the battle; the Brave Man stays to the finish.

"Somethin' crooked about that feller," ruminated Pete; "his talk in the letter don't jibe with his talk in the newspaper advertisement. I ain't easy."

Pete went into the cabin, unslinging from its place on the wall Old Bolivar, as he called the huge cap-and-ball pistol which had been in the Crandall family ever since his grandfather emerged from the underbrush back in Ohio and founded the house. Wallace viewed the preparations with mouth unlatched. When Pete took down Old Bolivar there was something due.

"Goin' up to Chickendale, Kansas," said Pete, cinching the big strap with bullet pouch and powder flask near the holster which contained Old Bolivar's dignified bulk, "and I maybe won't be back for a few days. I got some business matters and things to look after up there."

"It's about that there oil-well business, ain't it?" gaped Wallace.

"Maybe it is and maybe it ain't," returned Pete, with adroit evasiveness, as became a capitalist, "but don't you go blabbin' to the widdler. When I come back you'll know all I know."

THERE wasn't much to indicate, even to Pete, the ferment of industry or the pursuit of the octopus in the location of the offices of the Aunt Sally Oil Company in the moral village of Chickendale. They were on the second floor of a spare frame building which had broken out in pustules of paint on the face which it presented to the afternoon sun. Pete found a dry, calomel-complexioned man loitering in the hall near the door which bore the company's name. He wore a cambric duster, with bulging pockets which weighed down upon it like stones in a bag, and carried an old-fashioned oilcloth valise, flat as an elephant's ear.

As Pete leaded for the door the man slid along the wall, grinning in temporizing fashion, until he stood with his back against the portal that carried the company's sign, barring the way by what appeared to be a most casual shifting of position. Pete wondered how he could move so smoothly on such a gaunt framework, for the fellow was so thin that he suggested nothing but a squeak.

"Did you wish to see anybody connected with the company?" asked the man with fawning politeness, appearing to give to his body, from the exaggerated lift of the eyebrows to the turning of his toes, a peristaltic wriggle, as if he suffered pain, but would perish on the altar of duty before he would betray it by a groan.

"I want to see Mr. Gumm; no straw bosses won't do," said Pete.

"About what, and will you give me your name, please? I am Mr. Gobble, field agent of the company; I have just returned from inspecting our properties," he elaborated. "Mr. Gumm is so overrun with business that he cannot see visitors unannounced. I am acting as doorkeeper, in the absence of the regular man, that's all."

"Oh, is that what you air?" said Pete; "I thought you might be the fool killer. Well, my name's Joe Daggett, Noblesville, Indianny, and I want to see about puttin' some money into this here oil field out here."

Mr. Gobble disappeared, closing the door behind him rapidly, only to glide out again in a moment, bearing the word that Mr. Gumm would be pleased to put everything aside and see Mr. Daggett at once.

Mr. Gumm was a curly-haired young man, thin-shouldered, gaunt-armed, long-faced, with a narrow mouth which looked as straight and inhuman as a gash in dry leather. They plunged into finance, Mr. Gumm showing plans for the proposed refineries, surveys for the proposed pipe lines, schemes for outwitting the octopus on every hand.

PETE asked some pointed questions bearing on the location of the wells and the amount of oil the company was producing daily. Mr. Gumm spread before him a sectional map of Oklahoma, gliding his long finger to a spot inclosed in a blue circle. "Our wells," said he, "the richest wells of high-grade oil in the world, are situated a few miles south of the Kansas line in the progressive new giant of a State, the State of Oklahoma. There are our leases and wells, Mr. Daggett, right there."

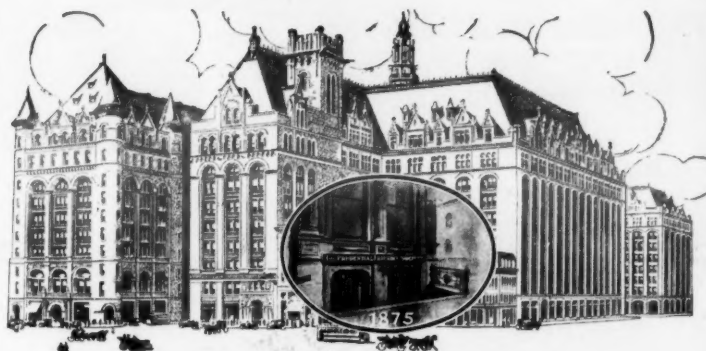
Pete bent over the map, studying the county names, the township numbers, the ranges, sections. Presently he straightened, breathing audibly, reached into his inside vest pocket and drew out the

(Continued on page 30)

1875

The Prudential Home Offices

1912



The Prudential

Founded by John F. Dryden, Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

GREATEST YEAR OF STRENGTH AND USEFULNESS

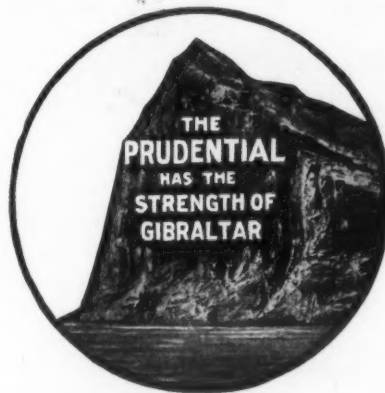
ANNUAL STATEMENT, DEC. 31, 1911

Assets, over	- - - - -	259 Million Dollars
Liabilities, nearly	- - - - -	241 Million Dollars
Income in 1911, over	- - - - -	81 Million Dollars
Capital and Surplus, over	- - - - -	18 Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders in 1911, over	- - - - -	27 Million Dollars

Total Paid Policyholders since organization, plus amount held at interest to their credit, over - - - - - **466 Million Dollars**

Life Insurance Issued and Paid for in 1911, over 440 Million Dollars
Increase in Paid-for Insurance in Force, over 167 Million Dollars
Liabilities include Policy Dividends - - - 29½ Million Dollars
of which there is payable in 1912 - - - 4¾ Million Dollars
Number of Individual Claims Paid Since Organization - - - - - 1½ Million

NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, OVER - - - 10 MILLIONS
PAID-FOR INSURANCE IN FORCE, OVER - - 2 BILLION DOLLARS



Send for particulars of the Prudential policy, providing a Guaranteed Monthly Income for yourself or wife. A life-long protection for your dear ones, or your own old age.

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

Forrest F. Dryden, President

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

Without consulting myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive free particulars and rates of an IMMEDIATE BENEFIT and CONTINUOUS Monthly Income Policy.

For \$.....A Month with Cash Payment at Death

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

My Age Is.....

Beneficiary's Age.....Dept. 27

You and Yours Need This Protection

FEDERAL



"Extra Service" Tires

Federal Tires are selected by tire users who demand the limit in mileage and endurance. They are "Extra Service" tires because they are *quality* tires through and through.

Federal Tires are made in Rugged Tread (non-skid) and Round Tread types for all rims.

Federal Tires are supplied through leading dealers.
Interesting tire book free.

FEDERAL RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO., MILWAUKEE

Branches and Agencies—New York, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, Denver, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Pasadena, San Diego, Portland, Louisville, Indianapolis, etc.

That Prodigious Pete

(Continued from page 29)

25,000 shares of stock, slapping them down upon the map of Oklahoma, looking severely into the face of the startled Mr. Gumm.

"You're crooked," said Pete; "so danged crooked that if I was to shoot a bullet straight down in your head it'd make seven holes in you before it hit the ground. I ain't Joe Daggett of Indianny. He was my mother's second cousin, dead seventeen year ago. I'm Pete Crandall of Oklahomey, and one of them claims you've got that blue ring around is mine, one's my brother's, and one's a widdler woman's 'at you bamboozled out of two thousand dollars. If they's any oil wells on any of 'em you sunk 'em since I left there yesterday afternoon. I'm here to cash in on this here pile of junk, even money, twenty-five hundred dollars. Do I see you a-comin' through?"

Mr. Gumm felt his position keenly. As a mail-order financier it was a situation which he had managed, heretofore, to dodge. So near the clean-up it was awkward, not to say humiliating, a blow to his dignity and business principles. "Perhaps my engineer made a mistake in indicating the location of the wells," said he, drawing the map to him. "You know a little distance on a map is a great way in reality, Mr. Crandall."

PETE listened to his lame efforts to stave off the issue, loosening Old Bolivar in his holster, shoving his chair back a little, still pinning the certificates of stock down to the desk with a finger, as if distrustful that Mr. Gumm might seize them and thus make off with the evidence. "However," resumed Mr. Gumm, "if you are dissatisfied with your investment, I will cheerfully refund your money. Far be it from me to accept a cent for use in this cause of humanity that does not come to me with the blessing of the investor. If you will excuse me while I step into that closet and change my coat, I will go to the bank with you and take up the stock."

It looked all right. The closet was a shallow one, the door of it stood open, and Pete could see letter files upon a shelf, coats hanging against the wall. Mr. Gumm stepped into it, humming a tune. Pete saw the flash of his white shirt sleeve as he slipped off his office coat, before the door swung slightly, shutting Mr. Gumm from sight. Pete kept his eye on the door. It seemed to him that it took Mr. Gumm a long time to get out of one coat into another. Yet Pete was a polite man and disliked to intrude. He returned the papers to his pocket after the clock on the wall had given Mr. Gumm seven minutes to change his coat, got up, stretched his arms, walked to the closet door, looked in. So far as Mr. Gumm was concerned, the closet was as empty as a hired man's bed at five o'clock in the morning. Three feet along the wall was another door, which Mr. Gumm had locked behind him as he left.

Pete hurried to the hall. Mr. Gobble and his valise had disappeared. The young women in the office said Mr. Gumm generally used the private entrance when he came and went. They supposed that he would come back soon. While they gathered around Pete, discussing it quite friendly, a youth with a bag slung across his shoulders pushed the door open. "They won't give me no more mail at the post office," he announced excitedly. "The postmaster says a fraud order's been issued against the Aunt Sally Company, the Postmaster General says it's a fake."

Mr. Gumm had anticipated it. The day before, Pete found on inquiry, he withdrew his deposits from the local banks. From the moment that he disappeared behind the closet door to change his coat his place in the galloping field of finance in Chickendale was empty, and in the panting arena where the octopus wallowed there was a void.

PETE felt that he had been doubly soaked. After leading the widow up to this flat game to be skinned, he had been soft enough to let the crook wiggle out from under his hand. Pete sat on the station platform after leaving the train at his home town, ashamed to go to the ranch and face Wallace and the widow, drooping under the greatest humiliation of his life.

As for restitution, he didn't worry much over that. In three years more he would have his patent to the claim, then he could deed the land to the widow and make it square. The quarter section by that time would be worth at least \$4,000, so that would take care of principal and interest, as well as showing a good profit. So far as asking the widow to carry out the domestic partnership which they had agreed

to enter, Pete, as a man of honor, felt that he couldn't do it. What could a man with a shattered reputation for wisdom and shrewdness expect of the world but ridicule, and no woman worth having would hitch up with a man who had lost the tail feathers of his pride.

PETE was driven from his melancholy perch by the Frisco's San Antonio fast train, which pulled up to the station for water as dusk was beginning to settle. He moped back, leaning against a truck, trying to figure out a face to put on for the meeting with the widow and Wallace, Bolivar the weighty, the impotent in that hour of need, galling his hip as he chafed in the holster. The long, heavy train began to move, Pete lifting his listless eyes as it glided past.

At the end came the dining car, bright with lights, gleaming linen, sparkling glass, and in the dining car, face to face at a little table, grinning and smirking and having their laugh at the easy world that paid the bill, sat Mr. Gumm and his worthy sentinel, Mr. Gobble of the grip.

If Old Bolivar had reared up and exploded in his holster without human tampering, the incident could not have awakened Pete more thoroughly to a sudden, poignant interest in the immediate matters of life than the sight of Mr. Gumm's thin face.

The car was slipping by, its green tail light winked in Pete's eyes as he swished a mighty breath, lunging toward it on a desperate run. The car's vestibule was closed, there was no room for a foothold upon the steps, and inside of it, eating and drinking on the widow's money, shaping his course for the border of Mexico, sat Elijah William Gumm, flat-game financier. Pete leaped to the track behind the train, swung onto the bars of the little brass gate across the end of the vestibule, hooking his knee into the loop of the air hose, clinging on perilously, pulling himself up to the coupler.

Pete walked through the dining car, helping himself to a toothpick as he passed the buffet, trying to look like a chair car passenger who had been in for supper. Neither Gumm nor Gobble noticed him as he edged past their table, his hat held to the side of his face. In the first sleeper ahead he came across the oilcloth bag, fraternizing in a section with some substantial luggage which he concluded belonged to Mr. Gumm. Pete showed the Pullman conductor his deputy sheriff's commission which was in force during the settlement days, but which had run out months before, getting the bluff through charmingly.

"I'm after them two skinny fellers that owns that truck," said he, "and I'll take 'em off at the next stop."

MR. GUMM lifted his streaming face from contemplating the narrow circle that his feet had been following beneath the sweep of the well auger, an angry glow tinting its high lights. "I protest against this illegal restraint and barbarous treatment," said he.

"I know," soothed Pete from his comfortable place beneath the canvas that he had spread to break the sun, "you've told me that before."

"This has been an unlawful proceeding all the way through, and I'll make you sweat for it if I have to put in the rest of my life to do it!"

"Go and make your holler to the law as soon as you want to," defied Pete; "I'll send off any letters or telegrams you want to send."

MR. GOBBLE, leaning nonchalantly with his elbows on the sweep, laughed, looking at Mr. Gumm derisively.

"I've offered to settle with you for that confounded stock," flared Mr. Gumm, snarling hatefully at Mr. Gobble, "although it will clean me out. You ought to be satisfied with that, instead of harnessing me to this infernal machine like an ox."

"I can't accept of them terms of yours," replied Pete, smoking comfortably; "I couldn't begin to think of lettin' loose of that there val'able stock for what it cost. You know it doubled on the nineteenth, so you'll have to pay double to git it, or keep on borin' holes till you strike oil. This here's the spot you said them payin' oil wells was at, and my idear is that a feller ortent to sell nothin' he ain't got. You bring me in a couple of good oil wells on this place and I'll let you off on the stock."

"I've been hauling and worrying on this cussed machine till I'm worn out, and I'll be eternally blasted if I move another foot. Shoot me if you like!" Mr. Gumm's voice quivered on the boundary line of hysterical tears.

"It is kind o' hard, ain't it?" reflected Pete. (Concluded on page 32)

1913

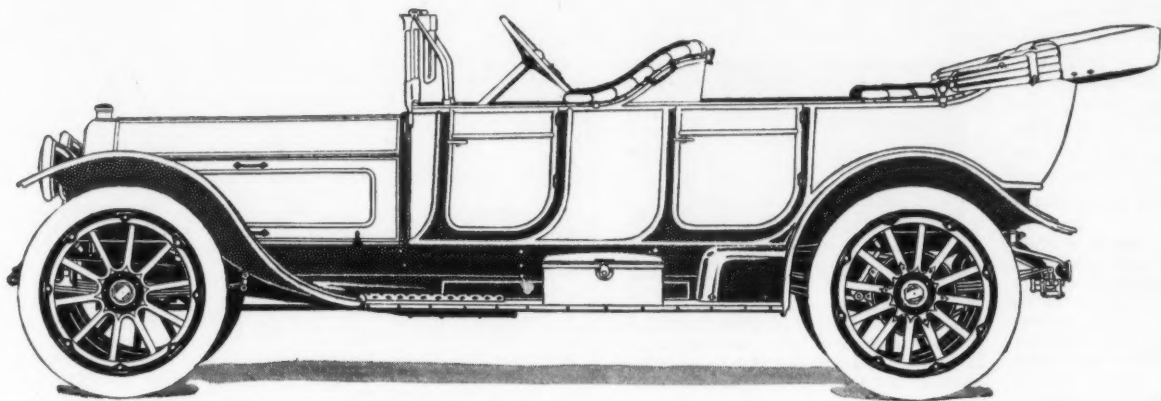
Peerless

1913

SILENCE

ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES

COMFORT



"48-Six" Seven-Passenger Touring—\$5,000

1913 Peerless

PEEERLESS Motor Cars for 1913 are ready for immediate delivery. These new models provide for a wide range of choice in power and body-types:

	Touring	Torpedo	Limousine	Landaulet	Berline-Limousine
<i>Six-Cylinder</i>					
"38-Six"	\$4,200	\$4,200	\$5,200	\$5,300	\$5,400
"48-Six"	5,000	5,000	6,000	6,100	6,200
"60-Six"	6,000	6,000	7,000	7,100	7,200
<i>Four-Cylinder</i>					
"40-Four"	\$4,300	\$4,300	\$5,300	\$5,400	\$5,500
"24-Four"			4,200	4,300	

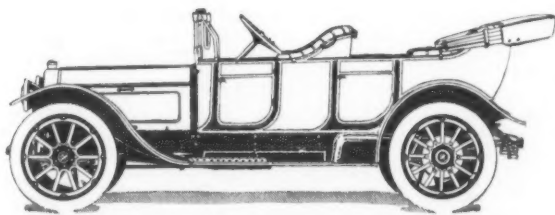
BY this earlier production of the new models, buyers are afforded the unusual opportunity of a full season's enjoyment of the highest expression of motor-car ideals.

Advance catalog upon request

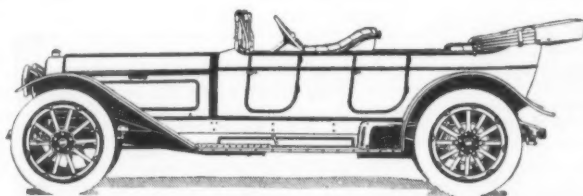
TO assure smooth-running, perfect performance throughout the life of every Peerless Car is the purpose of Peerless Service—a service that follows the car. It provides for instruction of the operator and for frequent inspection of the mechanism at the owner's garage. The Car is kept constantly at its highest efficiency and the necessity for major repairs is forestalled.

The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland

Makers also of Peerless Motor Trucks



"38-Six" Five-Passenger Touring—\$4,200



"60-Six" Six-Passenger Torpedo—\$6,000

The Phenomena of the Vacuum Cups

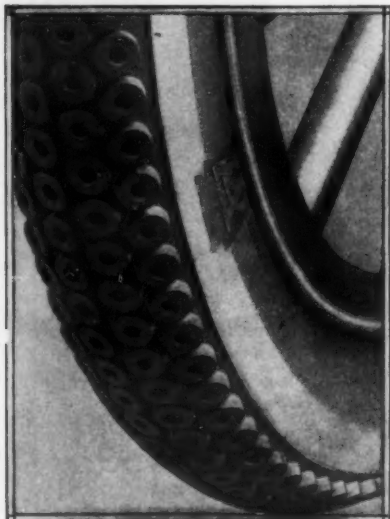
How Vacuum Cup Tires apply one of the most powerful of physical forces to make skidding impossible and provide a new standard of mileage service.

IF a sublime example were sought of "killing two birds with one stone" Vacuum Cup Tires would furnish it.

The idea of a suction tread was successfully reduced to practice. The same tread was unexpectedly found to have additional useful qualities equally as valuable as the positive anti-skid feature.

First, the remarkable fact was proved that a vacuum-creating device, correctly applied to the tread of a pneumatic tire, operates absolutely against all tendency to skid on wet pavements, yet is powerless to retard the forward speed.

Then, as the tires went more widely into actual service, it was noted that the Vacuum Cup tread possesses remarkable capacity for wear, even quite out of proportion to its greater thickness and weight. This has been especially observed in hot, dry, summer travel, when heat and abrasion inflict their worst damage on ordinary tires. Remarkable puncture-proof qualities were also proven.



The reasons for these phenomena are clear enough.

The Principle

The anti-skid principle of Vacuum Cup Tires is amazingly simple when once understood. As the heavy Vacuum Cups roll progressively into contact with the wet pavement, the moisture operates to momentarily seal the cups and create a suction hold.

The forward rolling of the tire lifts the cups edgewise, readily releasing them without resistance. As one set of cups let go, those immediately next take hold, so that never is the non-skid application absent.

The Non-Skid Guarantee

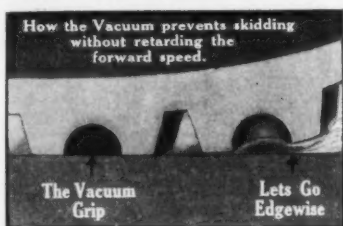
Since their introduction three years ago, so thoroughly have Vacuum Cup Tires proved their non-skid qualities that they are sold under the following guarantee, which, so far as we know, can be made for no other non-skid tire.

Buy a set of Vacuum Cup Tires from any of our branches or agents, and if your car skids on wet or greasy pavements, or if, after reasonable trial, the tires do not fulfil every claim we make as to their anti-skid qualities, return them and receive back the full price you paid.

It is an added advantage of these tires that the big Vacuum Cup knobs afford the greatest possible resistance to skidding on heavy roads.

In Dry Weather Service

Vacuum Cup Tires exceed in weight any other tires. The depth of Vacuum Cups is in addition to a tread of standard thickness. Yet the additional wear afforded is even greater than this excess of weight and depth might lead one to expect.



The Vacuum Cup design has demonstrated remarkable qualities of radiating the heat generated by fast travel in dry weather, however hot. The tread does not heat up, thus greatly conserving the life of the tire.

Mileage Guarantee

The foregoing well-proved and remarkable service qualities have led us to make a guarantee of 4,000 actual miles. This guarantee is printed and attached to each tire, and specifies the most liberal car weights for each size tire. So far as we know, this is the only definite guarantee furnished by any tire manufacturer.

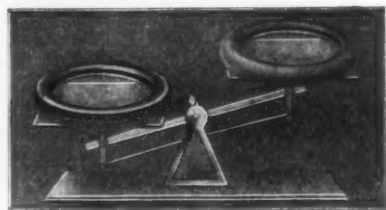
90% Puncture Proof

The strong and heavy Vacuum Cup knobs have demonstrated remarkable ability to throw aside any nails or other puncturing agents, so that these have slight chance to enter the tread. Vacuum Cup Tires in practice prove to be 90% puncture proof.

Prices

Up to this year, the higher cost of producing Vacuum Cup Tires has kept them at a market disadvantage with reference to other non-skid makes, which are of less expensive manufacture.

In spite of the hitherto higher prices the demand for Vacuum Cup Tires has necessitated an increase of over 100% in this year's production; and this has enabled us to scale our prices down so that they are now practically equivalent to those asked for less-effective non-skid tires offering far less liberal guarantees.



Outwear Even More Than They Outweigh All Other Tires.

THINK of driving your car with never a nervous moment when encountering wet pavements—never a stop for attaching chains because of any sudden rain shower—the utmost assurance of non-skid safety on soft or heavy roads—and all this with a far greater mileage service. That is what you are guaranteed when you equip your car with Vacuum Cup Tires.

Start the 1912 season with this wonderfully efficient tire equipment.

If you do not know the nearest Vacuum Cup Tire Dealer, write to us for his name and address.



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PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. of New York, New York City, 1700 Broadway.
PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. of California - San Francisco, 512-514 Mission St. - Los Angeles, 930 South Main St.

That Prodigious Pete

(Concluded from page 30)

"It's a job for a mule, not a man," panted Mr. Gumm.

"Well, that was the way me and Wallace made them five hundred dollars you beat us out of," said Pete. "We was three months, and more, makin' that money, and you've only been at well augerin' five days. I somehow know you've got money in them gripsacks of your'n, but I ain't a-goin' to turn robber an' split 'em open to see. I leave it to you, gentle-men. If you don't want to give up five thousand dollars of that money I'll have to keep you here prospectin' for oil till you've done \$5,000 worth of work."

Mr. Gumm flung himself upon the ground, sulky, petulant. "I'll never twist that blamed thing around again; I'll be eternally blasted if I do," protested he.

"I reckon you will anyhow, podner," said Pete seriously; "but you don't eat n'r you don't drink less'n you work."

Mr. Gumm came to it before the day was over, bending to the beam effectively if not cheerfully, paying a heavier price for a drink of water out of a tin cup than he ever had paid for golden wine in a nest of silver ice. There appeared to be some subtle humor in the situation for Mr. Gobble. Tough as a piece of the steak which Wallace fried for them morning, noon, and night in a pot of lard out in the open, fishing out such grasshoppers as had plunged to destruction in it before each meal, Mr. Gobble bore his task blithely. He even hurried the labor along for the benefit of Mr. Gumm, who glared at him incessantly, cursing him between his thin lips.

AT times Mr. Gobble would pause, after goading Mr. Gumm to gnashing fury, lean against the beam, fling his long arms above his head, cackling with dry-voiced croak, like a gull.

"You're the curiousest feller I ever seen," said Pete as they were putting away the tools that evening, "and if it wasn't that you was a side podner in this skin game along with Gumm, I'd turn you loose and let you go."

"Nothing is farther from my desire," expostulated Mr. Gobble; "I wouldn't desert my dear friend Gumm for any consideration. I want to cling to my dear friend Gumm like an indigent brother—that is the absorbing passion of my life." Mr. Gobble looked at Mr. Gumm, laughing again in his unusual, growling way.

Gumm, goaded by the day's indignities until every nerve was sore, flared suddenly into a bristling passion. He shrieked, writhing as he cursed, snatched a shovel which stood against the derrick, whirled it in the quick strength of his passion and stretched Gobble on the ground with a blow at the side of his head.

Pete looked on with amazement, recovering himself in time to wrench the tool from Gumm's hand before the blow which he was aiming at the prostrate man fell. He yielded it calmly, suddenly cool.

"You've killed him," aspirated Pete, frightened clear off the reservation of his wits, bending over Gobble, who stretched limp and pale on a pile of soft dirt drawn from the bore, blood oozing from the red welt which the side of the shovel marked along his cheek bone.

"I hope to God I have!" said Gumm. "Come to the house with me; I'm ready to settle with you now on your own terms."

GOBBLE sat up suddenly, stiffly, like a mechanical man. "You'll settle with me, too, on my terms," said he, "and if you don't I'll drag you out of here and put you where you belong!"

"Shut up!" commanded Mr. Gumm.

"You'll hit a man with a shovel, will you? A man that you've tricked and buncoed, a man that— Look here," said Gobble, turning to Pete, spreading out his hands as if thereby laying bare all the

secrets of his life, "here's a man that I've done time in place of in the Federal prison at Leavenworth, a man that promised me ten thousand dollars for the three years that I saved him from doing just by keeping still and taking it all on myself. I'd have gone free on my own account, but he promised to pay to let 'em saddle all the blame on me. Did he pay? Ask me. Did he ever intend to pay, although he milked \$200,000 out of the public on that Aunt Sally graft? Well, you ask me."

GOBBLE looked up at Gumm, concentrated hate in his twisting features. "He said he hoped he'd killed me when he laid me out with that shovel. If he had he'd have been \$10,000 ahead. Money comes easy to that man, but he lets go of it with more agony than any operation the doctors ever invented could give him. He was figuring to play safe and make his get-away before my time was up, but he forgot the credits a prisoner wins by good conduct. I got out four months ahead of the time he thought I would, and caught him. Wasn't he generous when he found I had him? 'I'll take you in on this deal,' says he, and set me to watch for the officers that he expected any day. Then, at the clean-up, what did he do?"

Mr. Gumm stood by, boring his heel into the ground, muttering beneath his breath. "Empty yourself, tell all you know, you fool!" said he.

"What did he do? Hopped a train for Mexico and tried to leave me holding the bag like he did before. But I was on the job, and you was on the job, Mr. Pete. What's-your-name, and you come through like an old hand. That's what I've been a-laughin' at ever since you marched us here at the end of that old gun and set us to work boring for oil. Oil, that was a master stroke, Mr. Pete. What's-your-name. Smooth Mr. Gumm beat at his own game by a farmer that don't know any more about finance than a fried cat. Excuse me, it was funny." In spite of the pain it gave him, Mr. Gobble laughed, holding his hand to his wound.

"Between two thieves," reflected Mr. Gumm bitterly, "a man can't do anything but surrender and divide. I'll settle with both of you—on your own terms."

MR. GOBBLE lingered behind a little at the cabin, shaking hands with Wallace and Pete as Mr. Gumm, bent under the pulling weight of the suit cases, headed for the railroad. "If you hadn't caught us I never would have got a cent out of that man," said he. "Honesty seems to pay. Maybe the old Third Reader was right about that. I'm not an honest man by nature or habit, but I've got such a hunch out of this experience that I've got a notion to try my hand at it, saw my ear off with a cracker if I haven't, Mr. Pete. What's-your-name."

Pete weighed him judiciously, the slant light of the setting sun picking out all the frailties of Mr. Gobble's face. "I don't know," said he doubtfully, "but I don't b'lieve it'd pay you to put in much time tryin' to learn the trade."

The transaction had winded Wallace. Long after the thin figure of Mr. Gobble had passed out of sight down the road he sat with his back against the house trying to figure it out. Pete had counted out the widow's portion and was setting across the field to deliver it into her hands.

A little puff of wind in the embers beneath the pot stick reminded Wallace that the fire was low, and that supper time was at hand. On his knees beside the replenished fire he coaxed the blaze with his hat, pausing now and again to gaze after Pete, shadowy across the dun field.

"Well," said he at length, "if that there Pete ain't Presi-dent one of these here days, then I miss my guess!"

The Yellow Peril on Broadway

(Concluded from page 24)

essence of it is the always entertaining showing-up of how the trick is done. There is a sufficiently robust, if thoroughly impossible, dramatic framework and plenty of humor—slangy, generally, and often unconscious—to carry it along. With moving pictures driving old-fashioned melodrama out of business, such primitive thrills satisfy a genuine want.

A Gifted Russian on Broadway

THE Russian actor, Orleneff, left his East Side theatre the other day and came uptown to the Garrick for a few performances of "Ghosts" and "Czar Paul I." It was a rainy night when I saw him, and Friday, rain, and "Ghosts" in Russian is a combination calculated

to chill all but the most courageous. Yet the theatre was fairly well filled, and what the audience lacked in numbers it made up in intelligent understanding of the play and enthusiasm for the leading actor. Orleneff's art and his personality were considered too thoroughly in a recent issue of this paper to permit of lengthy mention here, although it may be said that this company's presentation of "Ghosts" is superior to any seen here in English.

The interesting possibility at once suggests itself that, having ventured thus far toward Broadway, he will venture farther, follow the lead of his former team mate, Alla Nazimova, and learn to act in English.



Model 27—Five-Passenger Light Torpedo, \$1,250. With Top and Windshield, \$1,350.

The Elmore Valveless Motor Gives You More Continuous Power Than Other Engines

YOU'VE read a good deal about continuous power impulses in an automobile engine—what is known technically as continuous torque.

Of course it's easy to understand that the more the power impulses of the engine overlap, the smoother and more economically the car will run. And the less the power impulses overlap, the more jerky the car-movement will be, and the more fuel it will use.

Now, in the ordinary 4-cylinder engine, only every fourth stroke of the piston has power behind it. Out of sixteen piston-strokes making up one complete operation of the four cylinders, there are four power-strokes. That is far from continuous power-impulse and far from smooth-running.

Makers of six-cylinder cars have dwelt strongly on this fact, showing the greater overlap of power in a six-cylinder engine and the consequent greater smoothness of operation. And their argument is sound.

But in the six-cylinder engine it is still true that only every fourth impulse is a power-impulse—six in all to each complete operation of the engine.

In the Elmore valveless motor, every other impulse is a power impulse—eight power-impulses out of every complete operation of the engine.

In other words, a four-cylinder Elmore Valveless Motor will develop more continuous power than any six-cylinder poppet-valve engine, with consequent greater ease and efficiency.

What Valveless Construction Means to You

Valve troubles cause ninety per cent of motor-car inefficiency. There are from 20 to 40 small parts on each valve of the ordinary engine—or from 80 to 160 parts on 4 cylinders. Unless all these parts work in almost perfect co-ordination—within a small fraction of a second—the cylinder begins to miss fire and ultimately stops altogether. Valve adjustments and repairs make up a large portion of upkeep expense—every motorist knows it. But the Elmore owner never has such items to pay, nor such annoyances to meet.

The One Proven Successful Valveless Motor

The Elmore motor has been in successful operation over American roads for over a dozen years. There are thousands of Elmore owners, everywhere. And any one of them will tell you that for economy, efficiency and ease of operation the Elmore is in a class of its own. But it is well to remember that the Elmore alone can show such a long record and service; and the features which make the Elmore valveless construction valuable are patented and exclusive.

A Model for Every Motor- ing Need

Whatever your desire in the way of a car, there is an Elmore which will meet your utmost requirements. We use the best materials, the highest grade of workmanship obtainable. In fact, Elmore construction is a synonym for quality in the industry.

And the price range—\$1050 to \$1650—is most conservative.

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The Excelsior is as easy as your favorite lazy chair. You can relax upon it—the saddle position allows you to sit naturally and leisurely.

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You're human—you'll enjoy it. We'll send our illustrated catalog, too.

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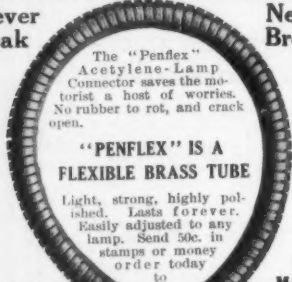
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EDWARDS MFG. CO., 641-681 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Sentimental Twaddle

(Continued from page 28)

manufacturer, chuckling. "Too much so for the discipline of the office. His parents are friends of yours, I believe; suppose you call him off."

"I! Why, I've known that boy ever since he was in his baby carriage! It would hardly do for me to speak to him! I'd never dare look him in the face again." "Well, somebody's got to do it," said Hawes.

THE art manager smiled sympathetically, but shook his well-shaped head. "Put it up to the old man," he said with artistic aloofness. "I'd rather resign."

The head of the firm was even more emphatically of the opinion that the affair would have to stop. "We are here to publish books," he said as usual, and added with a smile: "Hawes, you oughtn't to have such a pretty secretary."

"But she can't help being pretty; we couldn't dismiss her for that."

"Well, then," turning to Richard's boss, "you oughtn't to have such attractive young assistants. We are here to publish books."

"But we couldn't dismiss Richard for that—he can't help it either."

"Well, you don't expect me to speak to these young persons, do you?" asked the dignified president of the company. "You gentlemen have full control of your respective departments—and full responsibility, too. That is the policy of the house. It would not do for me to—to—er—butt in." There was a pause. "I'll tell you what to do," he said with his well-known resourcefulness; "it's lunch time; take your good-looking boy out, feed him up, talk to him like a Dutch uncle, and settle the matter with a few broad generalizations without mentioning any of the persons referred to. That will fix it all right."

The fat manufacturer shrugged his shoulders.

But Richard had a memorable meal that day, for his host knew how to order other things than paper, and for some reason or other the manufacturer was becoming fond of the boy. Richard felt honored at this unprecedented mark of favor.

THE older man began talking to the youngster like a Dutch uncle—about the plans for the fall publications. Richard felt that he was coming on in the publishing world. At a near-by table sat the dignified president of the firm, its distinguished secretary, its exquisite literary conscience, and the famous editor of the magazine. Several times Richard found them looking over in his direction in an interested manner, as though they, too, thought he must be coming on in the publishing world. Richard felt proud and appreciated.

At the end of the luxurious luncheon, on the way out of the room, his host was stopped by the dignified group at the adjoining table, as though they desired his opinion of Sainte-Beuve or the influence of Nietzsche upon Ibsen. "Well, what did your young Don Juan say?" asked the literary conscience of the house, the one who looked like a French savant.

"He says he thinks the Giants will win the series," answered Richard's boss soberly.

"Didn't you tell him?" asked several of them at once, laughing. They had been betting he wouldn't.

"I told him he was a good boy and doing well. When I got that far he told me that if such were the case he thought he deserved a raise!" and then Richard's boss hurried out of the room after him to escape the derisive laughter.

A LITTLE later a well-known poet called at the office to see the head of the firm. The publisher's private secretary requested the poet to wait, saying that the chief had just returned from lunch and was somewhere in the building. The secretary found him in the educational department, glancing thoughtfully at Mr. Hawes's secretary, who was busily typewriting with modest eyes downcast.

He seemed rather startled when addressed, and, being startled, he looked about to see if anyone had noticed it, for he was a very dignified man. In various parts of the crowded floor he discovered all the distinguished group with whom he had lunched. Some of them now began looking into the files of clippings, others turned away as if in a hurry to get to work.

But he blocked them. "Step into my room a moment," he said, bestowing upon each in turn a stern glare. Some of them returned the stern glare, others smiled sheepishly, one of them laughed outright. To his secretary the head of the firm said: "Ask that caller please to wait."

"Yes, sir. Professor Stansbury is here, too."



THE well-dressed woman who must go home from the theatre on the street cars, scarcely sees or enjoys the last act of the play. She sees instead only the disagreeable ordeal that is to come. To her the privacy of a car like the

COLUMBUS ELECTRIC

would mean more than you could ever guess—until you ask her about it. Our Model 1225, shown above, is typical of the various models we make. In it you can take your wife to theatre and back at a cost of less than 4c per mile. It will pay you to investigate further.

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Tires are made of layers of canvas, rubber coated to keep out the moisture and resist direct road wear. The tire, in service, becomes a mass of cuts through which moisture enters and attacks the fabric, causing it to rot.

Tirenex will flow into these cuts and crevices and waterproof the exposed fabric, adding greatly to the life of the tire.

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Blades are easily slipped in or out with the thumb and forefinger, yet are securely held in the grooved end of shank by a "Yankee" device.

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Other styles of all-metal portables for many purposes. Ask about them.

Dealers: Write for price list.

Sentimental Twaddle

(Concluded from page 34)

"Ask him to wait also. Tell them we are holding a very important conference." "The question before us," began the head of the firm to the intellectual lights now assembled in his private office, while the two famous authors were cooling their heels in the reception room, "is what to do about Richard. I don't see why old, dignified fathers of families like you take so much interest in all this sentimental twaddle." At this point the editor of the magazine burst out laughing. He had seen the head of the firm for two minutes before the latter had caught the others at it.

"This thing is becoming serious," said the head of the firm gravely. "Out there in the main room the clerks and typewriters have probably noticed your grinning, sentimental faces. No doubt they are beginning to grin about it, too. The story will spread throughout the other floors. Sooa we'll have the whole establishment down here watching Richard and his pretty typewriter. We are here to publish books. This thing has got to stop. Who will volunteer to stop it?"

THERE was a dead silence, broken only by chuckling laughter.

"You're all afraid," said the head of the firm. "You're afraid of a boy and a girl." He looked about at the group of amused, self-conscious faces. "And so am I," he added. At this point his desk telephone buzzed. "Excuse me while I answer this. . . Who?" he said into the receiver. The famous publisher's face flushed. "Well, if it's so very important, come in at once." Then hanging up the receiver, "Gentlemen, Richard is coming in."

"What!" the others exclaimed. "Why shouldn't he join this conference? I should like to know who has a better right!" said the publisher, but he smiled nervously.

The others had arisen to leave. "I told you you were all a lot of cowards," said the head of the firm. "He has probably caught you (or me) staring at Miss Moore and is coming in to protest. I don't blame him—but why do you all desert me!"

As Richard came in those departing avoided his eyes.

Richard seemed grave and determined, a grown man facing a crisis. "You may think it odd, my bringing this matter before you, sir," he began, looking respectfully, but almost defiantly, altogether steadily into the publisher's eyes—which, strangely enough, seemed more inclined to blink than those of his young employee—but I did not want to leave your employ without an explanation. Sooner or later I am bound to be a valuable man in this business, and I admire you so much and what your firm stands for—"

"I am glad you approve of us," interrupted the great publisher, somewhat amused and yet rather taken aback by the engaging self-confidence of this healthy young man. Older employees than Richard had been known to balk and tremble when in this holy of holies. "I am sincerely sorry if anything has happened to make you feel like leaving us." It was not a daily occurrence for the head of the firm to apologize to one of its younger clerks, but the head of the firm was a gentleman. "I want to assure you that it was quite unintentional."

"Unintentional!" exclaimed Richard, with his captivating blend of respect and self-respect. "I don't see how it could have been unintentional exactly." Richard, not in the least embarrassed, searched the embarrassed eyes of the august president of the company. "He distinctly told me that there wasn't the slightest chance of my getting another raise for a year; and I cannot wait that long. I am engaged to be married, sir."

"Oh," said the publisher, suddenly arising to look out of the window. "I'm afraid I did not understand."

"No, sir, it isn't announced yet," said Richard with great dignity, "and I must ask you, sir, if you do not mind, to regard this as a confidence. No one has the remotest suspicion of it."

The publisher, who had been gazing out of the window, now turned around. "Sit down, Richard," he said.

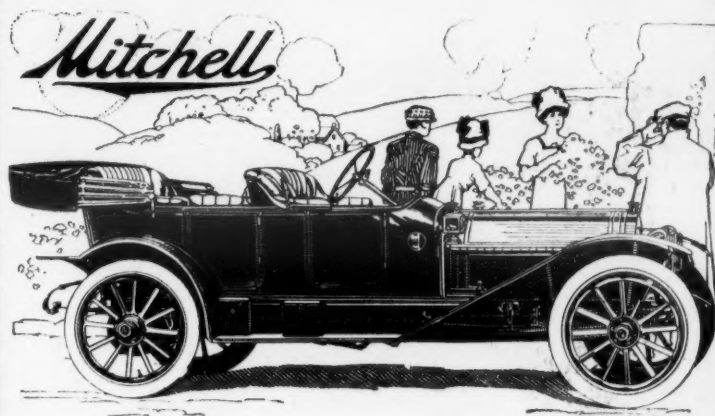
A FEW minutes later Richard issued forth, looking as masterful and triumphant as the historic Richard of the Lion Heart, and then the publisher summoned his private secretary to show in the poet.

"He has gone, sir."

"So the poet has gone?"

The publisher looked up with a curious smile upon his usually impassive face.

"Then bring in the author of 'The Economic Aspect of Marriage,'" he said.



IN all this competition among makers of automobiles there's one interesting and important point to buyers—High prices are being charged and paid for temporary finish and unnecessary equipment and not for the things that really make an automobile.

A good motor, good transmission, good wheels and reliable steering apparatus don't cost as much as formerly.

You'll find the best of these in the Mitchell cars; the things that make an automobile go; the things that give it power; the things that make it last and the things that give you confidence and comfort.

You can pile finish and equipment on a Mitchell car till you've made it cost \$6,000, but you won't get any more automobile than you get when you pay \$1,750 and get a Mitchell with its regular equipment. Whether it's one of the regular Mitchell four cylinder models, or one of the sixes, or the smaller runabout, what you pay for and get is automobile—good and reliable, the kind of vehicle that for 77 years has made the name Mitchell famous and will keep on making it famous for another 77 years.

Mitchell cars are built for the man who can't afford to make a mistake.

Seven Passenger Mitchell-Six				Five Passenger Mitchell-Six			
Horse Power .	60	Cylinders .	6	Horse Power .	48	Cylinders .	6
Ignition	dual			Ignition	dual		
Lubrication	self-contained in crank case			Lubrication	self-contained in crank case		
Transmission, selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse				Transmission, selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse			
Rear Axle	full floating			Rear Axle	full floating		
Rims	demountable			Rims	demountable		
Tires	36 x 4½			Tires	36 x 4		
Wheel Base	135 inches			Wheel Base	125 inches		
Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired			Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired		
Body	7 passenger, fore doors			Body	5 passenger, fore doors		
	Price, \$2250				Price, \$1750		

The four cylinder, five passenger Mitchell, 35-H. P.	\$1350
The four cylinder, four passenger Mitchell, 30-H. P.	\$1150
The four cylinder, two passenger Mitchell Runabout, 30-H. P., without top	\$950

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City Seattle
London Paris



Why Merchant-Tailored Clothes Are Best

The man who goes to a merchant tailor has many advantages. He is able not only to choose from a much wider range of patterns but to have his suit cut and fitted *exactly to his individual requirements.*

A good tailor makes the most of your figure. He shapes the suit to bring out all the good points of your physical development or minimize its defects, skilfully draping the cloth until a perfect effect is reached.

This is why the merchant-tailored man invariably has such a well-groomed look. He seems to bring with him a subtle atmosphere of refinement that is so agreeable to every social or business assemblage.

"Shackamaxon"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Guaranteed Fabrics

with their *exclusive patterns* and superior draping qualities, help the tailor in securing his best results.

The Shackamaxon patterns are never found in ready-made suits. We sell these fabrics only to *merchant tailors*, for they alone can do justice to their unusual colorings and soft, beautiful texture.

Shackamaxon fabrics are made of the finest live-fleece wool—the long, perfect fibre of live sheep. Woven with extreme care on slow-running looms, they represent the highest type of cloth manufacture.

We take such pride in the quality of these fabrics that the name "Shackamaxon" is stamped on the back of every yard. If you don't find it, you will know the fabric isn't Shackamaxon.

The newest Shackamaxon serges, chevots, clear-finished and unfinished worsteds for spring and summer can be seen at any good tailor's. Remember, you cannot get them in ready-made clothing.

"Ask a Merchant Tailor"

J R KEIM & CO.
Shackamaxon Mills Philadelphia

Be sure to look for this trademark on every yard:—

"Shackamaxon"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Guaranteed Fabrics

The Law, the Label, and the Liars

(Continued from page 11)

"I am impressed with the proposition that this benzoate of soda is put in there for reasons that make its prohibition reasonable and proper . . . to cover up careless methods of manufacture. If its use conceals the fact that proper methods have not been used, a rule of the State Board of Health prohibiting its use is reasonable. . . . This practice of coming in and attempting to enjoin State officers I do not think much of. The issuing of such injunctions is far too common a practice."

More Twilight Zonery

FAR too common indeed! To-day Wisconsin's hands are tied through the injunction of a Federal judge who takes a less serious view of these matters than does Judge Anderson; and in a case in which Secretary Wilson again appears as the Devil's Advocate. Some years ago the Board of Food and Drug Inspection made a ruling against the selling of glucose, which is obtained by treating starch with acid, under the label of "Corn Sirup." Secretary Wilson approved this ruling. Thereupon the president of the Corn Products Company got after Secretary Wilson, and had him reverse the ruling and incidentally, himself, through the agency of the Three Secretaries. More twilight zonery! To the argument on this matter Dr. Wiley contributed an exhaustive brief, to show that glucose is not corn sirup. This brief was furnished to the representative of the Corn Products Company by the Government.

Now, there arose in the Wisconsin courts a question as to the labeling of glucose. Food Commissioner Emery had held that it, glucose, was improperly labeled when it was called "corn sirup." The truth of this contention is of no importance here: glucose may be corn sirup, chalk may be cheese, and 2 plus 2 may equal 5, for all the bearing it has upon the central fact, viz., that the case was taken to the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, which upheld Professor Emery's decision and established the law of the State on the question of glucose. By this time the Corn Products Company had gone to the Federal Court and secured an injunction from Judge Sanborn, enjoining Professor Emery or his successors from enforcing the law of the State. To aid them in their fight, the Corn Products people had the papers and evidence furnished them by the Department of Agriculture from the hearing before the Three Secretaries. Professor Emery wished to cite, on his side of the argument, Dr. Wiley's brief, and innocently believed that he had as much right to the papers as the Corn Products people. He wrote to Secretary Wilson, requesting a copy of the brief. His letter was unanswered. He wrote again. Secretary Wilson returned a peremptory refusal. Not until Congressman Nelson of Minnesota had formally called upon the Department of Agriculture for this brief was it obtained; and then it was delayed so long that the lawyers for the State were greatly hampered for time to study it. So here again is the Secretary of Agriculture affording aid and comfort to the violators of a State law and withholding assistance from the defenders of the law. As a Secretary for Private Interests, James Wilson is admirably qualified on the record. As Secretary of a law-administering department, he is an anomaly.

Incongruous Court Verdicts

IN the administration of pure food laws there are many flaws, due in part, perhaps, to lack of appreciation on the part of judges of the true importance of such legislation. Some of the results of trials in various parts of the country are so incongruous as to seem almost absurd. The first important case, that against Robert H. Harper of Washington, D. C. (referred to above), for misbranding his "Harper's Cufordedake Brane-Fude," a dangerous coal-tar mixture, which was neither a cure nor a brain food, resulted in a salutary fine of \$700. It was thought that this would set a standard, though the penalties in the District of Columbia and the Territories are more severe than those applying to interstate commerce. In this latter class a \$200 fine is the limit for a first offense in violation of the Pure Food Law. So far as I have noted, the only patent-medicine dealer to be fined the full amount is Dr. Munyon, who was prosecuted on three counts, pleaded guilty, and was fined \$200 in each case. Many of the defendants convicted under the law got off with such inadequate punishment as a \$5 fine; and this amount was the judgment of the court in certain cases involving the sale of cocaine-laden mixtures, though cocaine is, of all known drugs, the most debauching and debili-

tating in its effects, and the most dangerous lure toward a drug habit. He must have been a jocular jurist who sat in the trial of Frederick Stearns & Co. of Detroit, for the misbranding of "Nyal's Headache Wafers," the label of which embodied four separate and distinct lies; and who, on the defendant's plea of *nolo contendere*, inflicted a fine of \$2. Caviling critics of our courts may hold that a \$2 fine is to a millionaire firm not a highly effective deterrent; but observe now how another Federal court brings up the average, in the case of Hammond's Dairy Feed, found to be adulterated with seeds. The fine in this case was \$200. Now I am not criticizing the Indiana court which passed judgment in this case. Doubtless it was a justified and salutary lesson to the trickster. But I am wondering with what eyes the humorous Federal jurist in Michigan might regard his robed brother in Indiana. For putting harmless (though dishonest) seeds in cattle food, \$200; for selling a noxious, dangerous drug under false representations, a faked title, and a lying statement regarding its safety, \$2. This fable teaches (if it teaches anything) that the courts think more of cows in Indiana than they do of women in Michigan.

Puzzling Discrepancies

AS a rule the Indiana Federal judges are among the most stringent in the enforcement of the pure food laws. But there are sometimes puzzling discrepancies even in that State. For selling catchup and canned tomatoes in an unfit condition, J. T. Polk & Co. were fined \$200. Doubtless a just and proper fine, since canners must be discouraged from putting up decomposed food. But there operates also in Indiana Dr. Leon T. Leach, one of the noisome brood of cancer vampires who prey upon the sufferers from this dreadful disease with cruel promises of help and cure; and this Leach, an old offender in his scoundrelly "specialty," was prosecuted on the grounds that his "cure" was not what it claimed to be, and that his label failed to specify the presence of alcohol and opium—put there to drug the victim into a false belief that his disease was yielding to the treatment. To this prosecution he pleaded guilty, with the result that he was fined \$25. For selling to the public a decayed and improper but probably not essentially dangerous food, \$200; for murderously drugging cancer victims into a false security while the disease progresses until those who might perhaps have been saved by prompt operation are doomed to sure death by the delay, \$25. Truly, the just balance of the scales of Justice would seem to be a bit disturbed.

Curiosities of Fining

HERETO I append some further contrasting curiosities of fining:

On September 29, 1911, a firm manufacturing a misbranded chewing gum was fined \$10.

On the following day the Dr. Peebles Institute of Health of Battle Creek, Michigan, a fake concern, was convicted of misbranding its quack nostrums, an epilepsy remedy and a nerve tonic, and was fined \$5, just half what the harmless chewing-gum manufacturer was fined.

E. H. Ryno of Wayland, Michigan, was fined \$100 for misbranding a cocaine "catarrh remedy."

The Cafe-Coca Compound manufacturers were fined \$5 for failing to declare the presence of cocaine in their beverage; and this in Georgia, where crimes against women by cocaine-maddened negroes are common.

L. H. Schulte, a dairyman through whose carelessness milk became contaminated, was fined by the Federal Court \$100 and costs for that carelessness.

The Dr. Curry Cancer Cure Company, headed by the notorious Dr. Curry who has for years plied his murderous trade, and who pleaded guilty to false pretenses of cure, was let off for half of what the careless milkman paid, \$50.

E. J. Koehlin, another careless purveyor of contaminated milk, was mulcted in \$100 and costs.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, which falsely promise to cure catarrh, paid for deliberate rascality ten per cent of what the dairyman paid for his inadvertence.

For vending a flavoring extract which was not what it purported to be, the Weston Tea & Spice Co. was fined \$50 and costs.

For putting out a dangerous headache nostrum, "Mrs. Summers' Harmless Headache Remedy," and labeling it "harmless," Vanderhoof & Co. got off with a \$10 fine.

Peerless Cattle Feed, for not being



"That Was a Great Suggestion"

These words are being uttered hundreds of times a day referring to Holeproof Hose for *men, women and children*. Wives who have tested this famous hosiery, are suggesting Holeproof to their husbands. Men are surprising their wives with the wear they get from these excellent socks. And children are wearing Holeproof stockings six months without holes.

Holeproof Hose came to be, in this way, the most popular hose in existence. They'll always retain the lead. You'll say that this ad was a great suggestion if you'll but try the hose.

Dealers Now Showing Spring Styles

They are exhibiting the silk Holeproof, made with silk from the Northern part of Japan, extra long fibre and

extra fine in lustre. The silk hose are made for men and women. Three pair are guaranteed three months, for women, \$3; for men, \$2.

They are showing the latest colors and styles. There are twelve colors, ten weights and five grades in the cotton goods. To see Holeproof at close range is to buy a trial box.

A Million Enthusiasts

A million men, women, and children are wearing this famous brand. We made 7,000,000 pairs last year. It cost us \$55,000 merely to inspect this output—to examine each pair—to see that each was perfection. But this care is the secret of the Holeproof success. It extends throughout every department. We make hose that will stand a guarantee. That is the sole reason why we guarantee them.

95% Make Good

In all our experience we have not had to replace more than 5% of the hose we sell. 95% have always outlasted the guarantee. Six pairs are guaranteed six months. The reason they last is as follows:

70c a Pound

We pay for our cotton yarn an average of 70c a pound. It is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest, longest fibred, lightest and softest that grows. We use it 3-ply so it's very flexible. The hose that it makes are thus strong and long-wearing, but light, soft and attractive too. We could buy common 2-ply yarn for 30c a pound. But we'd make common hose. And common hose, to be guaranteed, must be made cumbersome, heavy and coarse.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Carl Freschl

You want hose that feel good to the feet and hose that are stylish. You can get such hose, and get the wear, too, in Holeproof. But you must be careful in buying. See that the above signature is on the toe. Don't take any other if you want the genuine Holeproof—the original guaranteed hose—the kind backed by 39 years of hose making experience.

Sold in Your Town

The genuine Holeproof are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Six pairs guaranteed six months cost \$1.50 up to \$3 according to finish and weight. Ask to see the *silk* Holeproof.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., 126 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Can., Distributors for Canada
Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic



Are Your Hose Insured?

TO DEALERS

We have an opportunity to place the Holeproof line with a few more live dealers. Write for the Holeproof proposition and plan for sales promotion.

Not my
shadow
but
YOURS

—unless like me
and millions of
other men you
have discarded the
old style tie tight
collars and taken to

SLIDEWELL COLLARS

The collars with the
wonderful little back
button shield that lets
the tie slide freely,
saving ties and time
and temper.

And they're style-correct
and quality-perfect

15c 2 for 25c

At all live haberdashers

What Slidewells have
done for collar comfort

HALLMARK SHIRTS

have done for shirt
values—the shirts you
always wanted to wear
at the prices you've al-
ways wanted to pay—

\$1, \$1.50 and up

HALL, HARTWELL & CO.
TROY, N. Y.

Law, Label, Liars

(Continued from page 36)

quite up to the specification on the label,
cost its makers a \$10 fine.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer,
which claims magical effects in epilepsy,
chorea, fits, etc., and which entered no
defense to the charge of quackery, got off
scot-free because a spongy-hearted judge
suspended sentence on the quack owner.

Many other interesting parallels could
be cited, but I think these suffice to sug-
gest the need of some coordination in the
Federal courts.

Encouraging Cocaine Sellers

IN the matter of cocaine, the law itself
is far too mild. The shipment of this
destructive drug should be allowed only
to drug houses, chemists, physicians, and
dentists, and violation of the law should
be punishable, not by fine, but by impris-
onment. As the national law affords in-
sufficient protection, many States have
passed anticocaine regulations. Unfortu-
nately, the penalties are often absurdly
inadequate to the offense. About a year
ago a young officer from Fort Benjamin
Harrison entered the office of Dr. H. E.
Barnard, Food and Drugs Commissioner
of Indiana, and handed him a small, un-
labeled box containing a white powder.

"Can you tell me what that is?" he
asked.

Dr. Barnard looked at the substance
and snuffed a little of it from the palm of
his hand. "Where did you get it?" he
asked.

"From one of my men who's in the
guardhouse."

"At a guess," said the expert, "I should
say it was cocaine adulterated with acet-
anilide."

"So I thought. My company is rotten
with it."

"Where was your company recruited?"

"Mostly from the Bowery section of
New York. They're gutter souls. Since
they've got this 'snow,' as they call the
stuff, they're like crazy men all the time.
I can't do anything with 'em. They call
themselves 'snow birds,' and they have a
secret organization for distributing the
powder. If they knew I was here," added
the lieutenant meditatively, "I'd probably
be killed before morning."

"Very likely," assented the expert.
"Murder is a small matter for a cocaine
fiend when his supply is threatened. Do
you know where they get their supply?"

"At a drug store not far from this
capitol."

Calling a colored messenger, Dr. Bar-
nard gave him half a dollar. "Go around
to the drug stores and ask for fifty cents'
worth of 'snow' till you get it," he bade
the man.

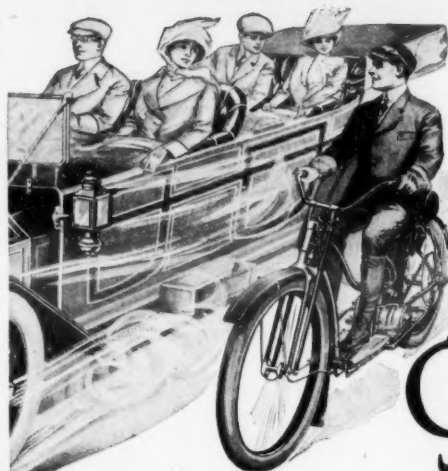
A comprehending grin appeared on the
negro's face. "Won't have to go far,
boss," said he.

In ten minutes he was back with the
cocaine mixture. Analysis showed it to
be seventy-five per cent acetanilide and
twenty-five per cent cocaine, as diabolical
a prescription for rotting mind and body
alike as could be conceived. Yet under
the law, when the druggist was arraigned,
the heaviest punishment that could be vis-
ited on him was a fine of \$10 and costs.
At a subsequent hearing on the law the
commanding officer of the army post
stated that forty per cent of the soldiers
were "doping" with this "snow," and his
testimony was influential in securing the
present Indiana law, which provides for
forfeiture of the license of a druggist
selling cocaine except upon prescription.
Nevertheless, and in spite of this proviso,
when four druggists were recently prose-
cuted for the offense, the courts let them
off with \$25 fines. Curiously enough
their licenses were revoked, however, for
the far less baneful misdemeanor of sell-
ing liquor illegally.

Judicial Interpretation

ONE more instance of judicial inter-
pretation—also from Indiana. A
milk dealer was being prosecuted in the
Circuit Court of Laporte, Indiana, for
selling adulterated milk. The Pure Food
Law of Indiana provides, as does the
Federal law and most of the State laws,
that samples of food shall be purchased
by the regular officials, and prosecution be
brought on the determination of the sam-
ples thus obtained. The court in this case
refused to accept the inspector's affidavit
on the ground that he had purchased the
milk not as a food but as a sample, the
very thing which the law required him
to do. Obviously this decision, if it is
sound, wholly destroys the pure food laws
of the country, since it shuts off the official
sources of evidence.

Amendments to the Pure Food Law
are sorely needed. The inhibition against
falsehood on the label should be made



A New Era in Motor Cycling

New Era Auto-Cycle

STARTS, runs and rides like an automobile. It is comfortable,
easy and clean. No pedals. The feet rest naturally on the
foot board from which clutches, brake and muffler are opera-
ted. Spark and throttle controlled at handle bar. 4 H. P. on high
gear with the effect of 10 H. P. on low gear enables you to go

Anywhere Under Any Conditions

No hill too steep, no road too sandy for the New Era which is
so powerful, speedy, dependable and comfortable that it makes
motorcycling a pleasure and a restful pastime. No dirt, no fatigue,
no danger to mar the contentment of the owner of a New Era.

For business or pleasure the New Era meets the demands of
those who feel the need of something less expensive than an auto-
mobile but more practical, comfortable and efficient than the
ordinary motorcycle. It is a two-wheel touring car for one or two
passengers. A quality proposition throughout, yet no higher in
price than any high grade motorcycle.

Every lover of outdoor sport should have our literature.
Write for it today.

NEW ERA AUTO-CYCLE CO.

6 Second St., Dayton, Ohio

Agents wanted where not already represented

Captivating
None can resist the delightful sparkle and
zest and richness of
Sheboygan Ginger Ale
—Made good by finest Jamaica
ginger and purest fruit flavors.
Made best by Sheboygan Mineral
Water—most delicious and healthful.
Sold by over 36,000 Grocers, Drug-
gists and Delicatessens. Served in
all leading hotels, clubs, cafes.
For Quality's Sake, next time
insist on "The Chief of
Them All."

Sheboygan
Mineral
Water
and Ginger Ale
Sheboygan Mineral Water
Co., Sheboygan, Wis.

Build a 7 room bungalow
like this for \$2700. Our two new bun-
galow books show exterior and interior
views, floor plans, costs, descriptions, etc., of
153 artistic, roomy homes with style and com-
fort, and suited to any climate. Each book has
100 pages, 200 illustrations.

Big Bungalow Books 50c Each
Book "A" contains plans, etc., of 70 homes costing
\$2250 to \$3000. Price 50c.
Book "B" contains plans, etc., of 83 homes costing
\$2250 and less. Price 50c.
We will send complete architect's blue print plans for only \$5
Send 40c today for either of our big Bungalow Books—(be sure
to mention which one you want)—or send \$1 for both—postpaid.
LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
(We have built over 2000 homes)
323 E. Hill St., Los Angeles,
California.

BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE
FOR MEN
AND
OLDER BOYS.
An air gun that will shoot
through one-half inch pine easily.
Many times more powerful than spring
guns. Uses compressed air, same as air brakes,
rock drills, etc. 15c pays for 1,000 shots, (delivered 30
cents). Practical for small game. 37 inches long. Walnut
stock. Nickel barrel. Takes down. Fully Guaranteed. Sold by
dealers everywhere. If your dealer does not carry it, write us.
Sent prepaid east of Rocky Mountains on receipt of \$2.50.
Pacific Coast and Parcel Post Countries \$3.00. Circular free.
Benjamin Air Rifle & Mfg. Co., 2006 Frisco Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

START the
morning with a
comfortable shave.

COLGATE'S SHAVING LATHER STICK - POWDER - CREAM

offers you a choice of
three methods. Which-
ever you use, you will
find that the mussy "rub-
bing in" with the fin-
gers is done away with.
Your shave will be a
refreshing delight.

Send us 4 cents for a gen-
erous trial size of any one.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. W, 199 Fulton St., New York

Can You Shave?
Rub a little "3 in One" on
your razor strip till leather
becomes soft and pliable;
draw razor blade between
thumb and finger moistened
with "3 in One"; then stop.
The razor cuts 5 times as
easy and clean; holds the
edge longer. "A Razor
Saver for Every Shaver"
which gives the scientific
reasons, and a generous trial
bottle sent free. Write today.
3 in One Oil Co.
42 ANR B'dway
New York

LIVE AND SLEEP OUTDOORS
in a Perry Fresh Air House.
You are fully protected from
the elements, flies, mosqui-
toes, etc., and you get unlimited fresh
air. Portable Screen Houses, Lawn
Shelters, Children's play houses, Fruit
Houses and Screen Porches will give
health and comfort. Write for de-
scriptive booklet.
PERRY SCREEN CO.
1105 Nicholas St., Omaha, Neb.

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for name in strap



The Zenith

End Your Foot Troubles

and reduce shoe expense by wearing The Florsheim Shoe. There's a shape to exactly fit your foot in a style to suit your taste—Florsheim quality does the rest. Never before could you secure as much shoe service, comfort and style as you can today in The Florsheim Shoe.

Ask your shoeman for Florsheim "Natural Shape" shoes and oxford, or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer.

Price \$5.00
"Imperial" Quality \$6.00

Write for illustrated loose leaf booklet containing 25 of the leading styles—it's free.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
 567 Adams Street Chicago, U.S.A.

Heimbach's Double-Wear Rubber Heel

Fits Either Heel



Gives Double Wear

Because wearer can change heel from shoe to shoe in an instant. This wears heel level. No running over, hence, no slipping. No nails to scratch floors. Absolutely sanitary. No countersinks to carry snow and dirt. Solid rubber—perfect cushion. Any shoemaker can set the fasteners. Send us 50c.; outline of heel with your repairman's name and address. We will send a pair of heels with a coupon good for the attaching of the heels FREE.

HEIMBACH RUBBER HEEL CO.,
 976 Superior St., Duluth, Minn.

Heimbach's Double-Wear Rubber Heel 50¢ A Pair



The Finishing Touch to Your Spring Attire

The Furrow. The most distinctive Spring hat ever made. Comes in dark gray, light gray, tan and brown. Same hat imported from Austria will cost you \$3.50. We make it here—minus duty—and sell it for \$2.50—prepaid. Made of fine felt. You'll like it as soon as you see it. If you don't—your money back by return mail. State size, color and send \$2 today.

Write for 1912 Style Book of Hats and Caps—FREE.

FRENCH P. H. CO., 50 S. 8th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

EUROPE Seventy Spring and Summer Tours, comprising Tours de Luxe and Motor-Car Tours, and also Vacation Tours at Popular Prices. Frequent Sailings; All routes, including Mediterranean.

Programme of Tours de Luxe Around the World now ready.

THOS. COOK & SON
 245 Broadway, 264 1/2 Avenue, NEW YORK
 Cook's Travellers' Ch. ques Good Everywhere.

Law, Label, Liars

(Concluded from page 38)

so definite as to resist the utmost ingenuity of interpretation. The entrance into interstate commerce of certain habit-forming drugs, such as cocaine and morphine, should be rigorously restricted and the penalties for violation should be imprisonment rather than fines. All dangerous and poisonous ingredients should be stated on the label. That admirable provision of the Richardson Bill aimed at the mendacious exploitation of foods and drugs—particularly in the case of patent medicines—which would prevent their being falsely advertised either on the label or elsewhere, is an essential to the establishment, on a broad basis, of honest standards. Then the Food and Drugs Act would really control the food and drug business—if it were properly administered.

The present spectacle is that of a salutary and just law, by extra legal change and interpretation on the part of the high officials charged with its execution, become instead the means of defeating its own purpose; serving to condone the worst offenses; made to nullify its own provisions; prostituted to become the agent of the unholy and unjust. Its powers have been placed in the hands of willing servants of the vested interests, and its beneficent provisions forced to uphold the adulterator and defrauder.

Purge the Department

NO law is better than its administration. There must needs be, first a reversion of authority from those fiat creations, the Referee Board and the Board of Food and Drugs Inspection, to the properly constituted executives; second, a more serious attitude of the courts in general toward adulteration and misbranding, resulting in some reasonable standardization of penalties; third, a Department of Agriculture purged of those whose sympathies are too tender toward private interests and too callous toward public rights. Set a thief to catch a thief may be an approved policy. But set a liar to catch a liar has had its trial in the Department of Agriculture, and has proven a failure. Until George P. McCabe is retired to private life, and with him the chameleonlike Dunlap and the acquiescent overlord of both, Secretary Wilson, lying on the label will continue to be a matter of license to the privileged.

George H. Combs

(Continued from page 15)

monly called 'rounders'—some affection of the brain which makes it impossible for the animal to walk straight ahead. It continually moves in a circle. Some people think they are progressing when they have only an attack of the 'rounders.'

The preacher wasn't an orator any more. His congregation had become a group of his personal friends, and he was monologuing to them, leaning over the pulpit, sometimes with arms folded, sometimes with little gestures and shoulder shrugs of unstudied eloquence.

"How many of our business men," he asked, "are engaged in this profitless motion? Yoked to traditional outlooks and methods, they cudgel themselves into feverish activities, deluded with the thought that they are getting forward. How much of the motion of our so-called statesmen is only circular, imprisoned by the traditions and shibboleths of party, therefore lacking in straight going to definite goals? The preacher too often falls under the same condemnation.

"Yet who shall judge us? What gentleman who wears the ermine can say: 'Thou ailest here or there?' For is not this habit the very vice of American jurisprudence itself? When our judge decides a case in this wise or that wise because in this wise or that wise it had been decided by other courts, who in turn received the precedents from yet others, and all that without any outreach to the broader principles of right or yet unsurveyed altitudes of justice, who shall say that they, too, are not merely afflicted with 'rounders'?

"George Eliot in 'The Spanish Gypsy' sings of England's growing greatness as 'broadening from precedent to precedent.' But to the common mind, precedent today, far from broadening, is narrowing, a cage with invisible bars, from which truth itself cannot escape.

"And surely, of all things in the world, nothing can be more depressing than the specter of our religious activities moving ever in the familiar circle, a pathetic pious round. Such 'rounds' will never serve the great causes of the great God. They are like so many 'merry-go-rounds,'

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George H. Combs

(Continued from page 39)

only they are not merry. God in heaven, save us all from merely going round!"

With the air of a man turning from a disagreeable sight, the graceful figure of the orator moved across the platform, his hands in his pockets and that contemplative expression again upon his face. He had completely forgotten that he had an audience, he was only some dapper dandy marking with satisfaction the gleaming patent-leather tips of his shoes. Abruptly he came back to himself and to his text.

"Go forward!" he shouted, his voice ringing heroically. "The men who first heard this command were afraid, and we who hear it now are afraid. The curse of the hour is timorousness. Everywhere—!" and he pitched the word high with a weird cadence—"Everywhere—!" And his voice with another tricky cadence dropped the word into hollow ghostly depths. The range of thought suggestion achieved by this vocal trick was marvelous. By it with his two "everywheres" he had compassed heaven and earth and coupled hell.

"Everywhere—everywhere—men are afraid! It is the universal cowardice that creates a real crisis. For the first time in the history of our country have we been caught in the grip of fear. Never before have our faces blanched in the face of our enemy. As a nation we are afraid—not of Germans or of Japs, not of navies or of armies, but of ourselves. We have reached an hour where it is writ large in fire letters on our hearts that present conditions cannot much longer obtain, that radical reconstructions of our political and industrial life are inevitable, and dissatisfied with the things as they are, yet we shrink from the surgeon pain of change and are well nigh paralyzed in endeavor by the phantasms of the to-morrow. And so patchwork upon patchwork, and no real going straight forward lest dangers spring out of the dark."

"Our Master's Work"

THE preacher was over the pulpit again and talking confidentially now. "It is precisely the case with the Church. As it is, it cannot do our Master's work. Creeds, dogmas, the impedimenta bequeathed to us by centuries gone—most of all, the scandal and shame of a divided Protestantism—we must shake off if the Church is to be a real servant to man, and yet we shrink from the step. We are afraid! Would that the militant spirit of Browning were ours, that fine courage that declared:

"Lead us not into temptation, Lord,
But, O ye whose servants are the bold,
Lead such temptations by the head and hair."

"Let us go forward. It is the way of safety. The lights of the automobile fall on the road ahead and not behind. That army is least safe that shuts itself behind the city walls. The nettle grasped gingerly is grasped painfully. He who goes back loses; he who goes forward gains. It is the joy of creation. It is the joy of accomplishment."

Again the preacher paused. His eyes were on the scrap of an outline penciled upon the back of an envelope which lay upon the pulpit. While he gazed his form seemed to grow taller. The struggle for utterance appeared upon his face. Some great and confusing tide of thought was welling up within the man. A Jacob and Esau striving as to which idea should be born first was going on behind the features that masked the fiery and sensitive soul.

The Harnessed Thought

THE audience felt with and for him. As the pulsing seconds ticked off the time, the suspense became painful. But at last we knew that the orator had grasped the helm of his emotion and harnessed his thought. With swift strides he turned and "took the stage." From the far side his voice came hurtling:

"Let us go forward! It is the way of heavenly tendence. Do not seek for God solely in the past—you will not find Him. I have stood by the turbid Nile where the baby crib of Moses floated, where the program of the skies was pitted against the forces of chance, yet I felt there no mighty pull of Providence. I have toiled over the steep of the Mount of Transfiguration, but I saw no angels; I have looked into skies that overarch the little village of Bethlehem, but my soul was ravished by no strain of celestial music. Providence is not anchored. Angels do not linger. Heavenly minstrelsy ever beats upon some further shore. God was not there. But if you go forward, if you seek, and if



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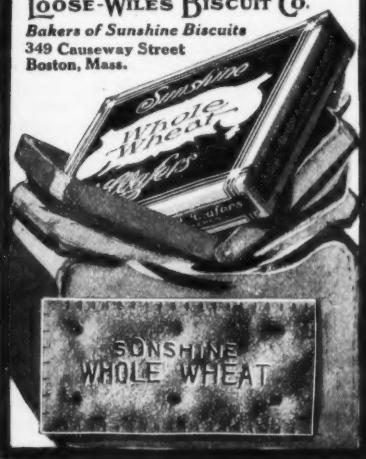
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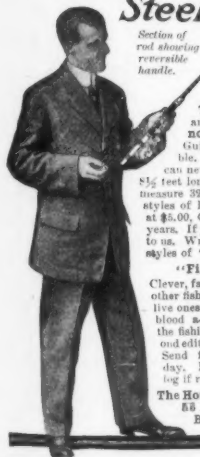
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"The Old Reliable"
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George H. Combs

(Concluded from page 40)

you live the truth; if, leaving your low-vaulted past out of the patient, unwearied fidelities of daily life, you honestly strive to build the more stately mansions for your soul, be sure, ah, be sure, that in that temple that is yet to be you shall hear the voices of the angels and the melodies of heavenly minstrels, and that you will behold the face of the good God."

The preacher dropped his oratory; he stepped out of the heroic pose in which he had pointed out the face of God, and walked quietly to the pulpit, where he said in significant tones and the calm authoritative voice of eternal truth: "Abide in the past and you abide alone! Go forward and you go with God."

This much and the sermon was done.

A Personal Preacher

THE rarest note in this man's preaching is intimacy. In his thinking he is intuitional rather than logical. His method is distinctly impressionistic. His preaching is topical rather than expository. A text with him is never a statement to be analyzed; a sermon theme is never a deposit of truth to be methodically mined out. A text is a handful of words that are suggestive and kindling to his imagination, a sign post pointing into the delectable mountains of prophetic vision, where the enthusiastic little seer will roam at will, where he will talk with angels and hear the still small voice of God.

But it is profitless to retort the man's sermons and weigh their elements gram by gram. In every sermon there will be hope and cheer, hatred of wrong and sham, love of ideals, of chivalry, a sensitive reflection of the world-thought of the moment, the passion for social service, and the glorious widesweeping programs of the kingdom of God—all these are likely to find a place in any sermon of his—yet surest of all elements will be sympathy. The man has a sympathetic heart, a sympathetic mind, and a sympathetic voice, and instantly strikes up sympathetic relationships with his entire audience. This is the always-present characteristic of his preaching. He seems to talk to every man, woman, and child individually. Each goes away feeling that he or she has enjoyed a personal call from the pastor.

The Week Day Work

IN his pastoral work Dr. Combs is surrounded with helpers, paid and volunteer, but he bears the brunt himself. He is the good shepherd of the flock. Obviously the pastor of a church of three thousand people in a city of three hundred thousand cannot visit them all or pretend to; but, unflinching, he goes where the sick are and the needy. He holds the hands of the dying and he speaks the last word of golden, glorious hope beside the open grave. "Four funerals in the next twenty-four hours," he writes to a friend. "May God give me grace to speak the right word."

God has given him grace—grace and capital. "For to him that hath shall be given." What need here to extoll the capitalist? He does not care. The lesson remains. It is unfortunate to know a man first through his bank rating. Let the word of Dr. Combs stand in lieu of his name. He says: "If our congregation had to choose between our brother and his money, we should unhesitatingly choose our brother."

And what about capitalizing the Gospel? That must depend. Wealth and wealthy members seem to fence some churches entirely out of the broader, needier fields of service. Preaching has not yet capitalized all wealthy church men with an enlarging Christian purpose, either in the Independence Boulevard Christian Church of Kansas City or elsewhere. On the other hand, not every preacher possesses the personal qualities, not every congregation has either the field or the talent with which to wisely employ additional capital, since capital is not primarily for a church to adorn itself withal, but to equip it for service within the purpose of the Nazarene.

Only We Aged Know

By BLANCHE GOODMAN

ONLY we aged know the pang that lies
In the soft spring days, when the
dappled bloom

Of hedge and forest yields a vague perfume

That subtly stirs the heart like melodies
Once heard, but ne'er forgotten. Only we
Have caught, within the wild bird's lilt-
ing strain,

A poignant echo haunting the refrain.
So sweet, so mournful—like a threnody
Of joys exquisite, blent with suffering.
Only we aged know the pang of spring!

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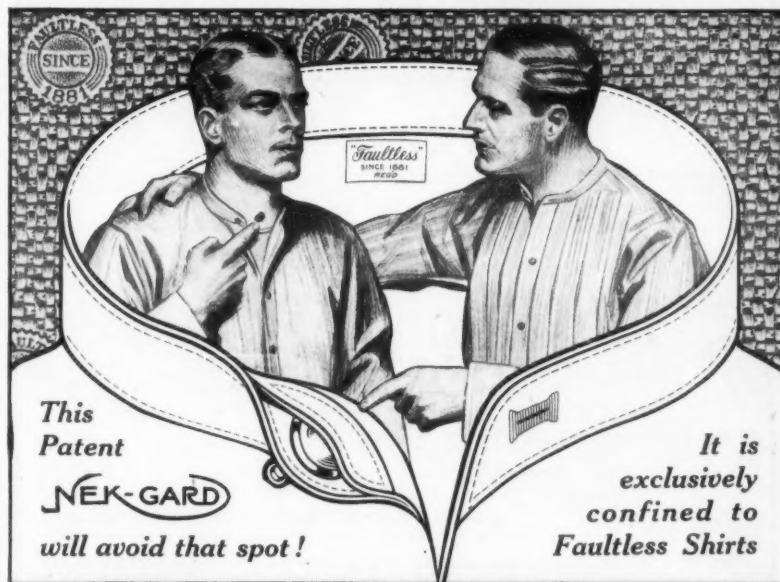
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COLLIER'S WEEKLY describes Champ Clark by saying that "he is nothing." If all our journals of public opinion would use as mild language as this in characterizing the candidates whom they don't like, the ladies wouldn't be afraid to read 'em in a Presidential year.
—Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald.

We like Champ Clark and we believe him to be a good if weak brother, but his course in the abominable Sherwood pension grab has rendered him totally impossible. We are disposed to agree with COLLIER'S that his nomination would be suicidal for the Democrats and they might as well "hand the election to the Republicans."—Macon (Ga.) News.

LAWRENCE, MASS.
I have long been a reader and firm believer in COLLIER'S WEEKLY.
I took its news articles and editorial opinion with true faith and argued in conjunction with its policy on practically all matters.
Since the publication, however, of that grossly libelous and radically Socialistic and Anarchistic article and cartoon regarding the strike in Lawrence, and the manifestly unfair and treasonous attack on the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, I hereby repudiate it and will not let it into my house any more than I would the official organ of the Mafia, the Black Hand Society, or the journal of the Anarchists.
DANIEL V. O'CONNELL,
Secretary to the Mayor.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the strongest insurgent publication in America, always is found allied to the interests of the common people, and now favors the candidacy of Colonel Roosevelt, although a great admirer of La Follette.
—Valley City (N. Dak.) Times-Record.

Another broadside into the anti-Wilson combination!
This time it comes from COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the nonpartisan periodical. . . . It hits the bull's-eye of Truth.
—Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.

Mark Sullivan of COLLIER'S WEEKLY is the leader of the nation-wide fight for Presidential primaries. He has done more for it than any other man. He wants Presidential primaries because he wants them. Some politicians who have wanted Presidential primaries, not to help a Presidential candidate but to help their own political fortunes, have been trying to break constitutions and exceed all bounds. Mr. Sullivan says in this week's COLLIER'S: "Get the Presidential primary for your State. Don't let the politicians tell you it is too late. It is not too late until the 15th of June. In fact, these primaries would better be held between the 1st and 15th of June, after the arguments have all been heard. Don't let the politicians dodge this issue."

This sentence from the Great Advocate of the Presidential primary should rouse memories of the murdered Lord bill among the Lansing legislators.
—Detroit (Mich.) Journal.

"Your COLLIER'S magazine has been giving our Supreme Court h—l, so now we will give you, its representative, a dose of our jail. Now go." This was the way Justice of the Peace Gavin settled the case of Frank Wilson this morning.
—Denver (Colo.) Post.

It must be hugely satisfying to the editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY to know that any subject upon which he has given his opinion is thereby settled, ticketed, and filed away, never again to be considered.—Salt Lake City (Utah) Herald-Republican.

The Falfurrias country will be richer for having forty or fifty copies of COLLIER'S distributed each week.
—Falfurrias (Texas) Facts.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which "got" Ballinger, recounts the charges in the indictment of the Secretary of Agriculture, who it is now frankly out to "get."
—Dubuque (Iowa) Telegraph-Herald.

Our enterprising contemporary, COLLIER'S WEEKLY, promises a series of illuminating articles on the régime of Secretary Wilson, and—well, we all remember what happened to Ballinger.
—Louisville (Ky.) Herald.

COLLIER'S has started on an educational campaign in which the text will be Secretary Wilson of the portfolio of agriculture.

COLLIER'S has a way of going into the details of the subject, when it undertakes an educational course of this sort, that is so thorough that no doubt the venerable Secretary regrets that he has overlooked so many fine opportunities to resign.—Salina (Kans.) Journal.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is no respecter of persons who hang onto Cabinet jobs till they have outlived their usefulness.
—Des Moines (Iowa) Register-Leader.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is about to go after Secretary Wilson of the Agricultural Department. And in a typical COLLIER'S way, the magazine editorial column gives Secretary Wilson advance notice this week that his job is a mark they are about to shoot at.

The resignation of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley from the office of chief chemist is generally thought to be the work of Secretary Wilson. As Dr. Wiley's long years of efficient service to the United States won him the respect and admiration of the entire country—with the exception of the men who put out impure foods and medicines—Wiley's resignation will no doubt help the COLLIER'S WEEKLY editorial writers to accomplish their work.
—Manistee (Mich.) News.

FORT DOUGLAS, UTAH.
I am heartily in favor of your plan for Presidential primaries in all the States. . . . Mr. Taft owes you a debt of gratitude for ridding his Cabinet of Ballinger, and also for the good start you have made in your "gunning" for Wilson.
SAM. M. PARKER,
1st Lieut., 20th Infantry.

It was COLLIER'S WEEKLY that pointedly charged William Randolph Hearst with making a practice of selling a page of advertisement, a double column black-face Brisbane editorial, a line of comic illustrations, and a news story for the sum of \$1,000.

It is that same COLLIER'S WEEKLY that comes out in each issue with just such additional exposures of Hearst's duplicity and Hearst's hypocrisy.
—Elizabeth (N. J.) Times.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, probably more than any other periodical in America, has accomplished the greatest good along lines of genuine reform. When it wishes to hit anything it does so with the firmness and efficiency of a steam hammer. Samuel Hopkins Adams is once again engaged in flattening out the proprietary and patent quack nostrum business.
—Kane (Pa.) Republican.

Before many years a number of newspapers now lined up with nostrums and patent-medicine fakes, which they generously (?) defend (for the advertising), will be trying to get aboard the band wagon of progress now led by COLLIER'S WEEKLY.—Panama Morning Journal.

From the press of the American Medical Association, Chicago, comes a book which, while it will doubtless never be listed among the best sellers, is far more interesting and amusing than many a popular novel, and of far more importance to the general public than many an expensive volume on science or political economy. It is made up of extracts from the "Journal" of the association, founded, in part, on a series of articles which appeared some years ago in COLLIER'S WEEKLY on "The Great American Fraud"—the nostrum evil and quackery.

—Boston (Mass.) Zion's Herald.

Madam— Don't Cook With a Solid-Grain Salt

You may cook well enough with it to suit yourself, now; but it won't be the same after you have tried salt-flakes.

Diamond Crystal Cooking Salt is the only flake cooking salt made of fluffy, snowy flakes.

It dissolves instantly, permeating the food and flavoring every particle evenly. Solid-grained, common, hard salt melts slowly. The top of your dish is salted more than the middle.

You don't realize how much difference salt makes until you have used this new salt.

It is made by a special process. The machinery alone cost half a million dollars. If it is worth this to us it is worth your trial. You'll never again go without it.

Please ask your grocer today for

Diamond Crystal Cooking Salt

Packed in strong, clean packages—5 cents a small package, 10 cents a large package, east of the Rockies. The only cooking salt in the world over 99% pure. Made by

**Diamond Crystal
Salt Company**
St. Clair, Mich.

Makers of Shaker Salt
for the Table



To mend this umbrella handle so it will stay mended, you

must use an adhesive that will stick unlike materials—wood to metal. QUIXO sticks anything to anything else of the same or different kind—mends to stay mended everything except rubber, celluloid, and black lead. A powerful mineral cement, not a fish or animal glue. No odor to it. Easy to handle. Doesn't stick to the fingers.

25c. at all stores. If you can't get it, send 25c. for full size bottle to WALTER JANVIER, 421 Canal Street, NEW YORK.

Sole Agent
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QUIXO

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You" And Cash or Credit. Stoves Too. Freight Prepaid.

Will You Write a Postal to Save \$5 to \$40?

That will bring the Kalamazoo Stove Book FREE with full particulars of the \$5 to \$40 saving, the \$100,000 bank bond guarantee, 400 stoves priced and described.

30 Days' Free Trial
360 Days' Approval Test. Prompt shipment. 170,000 customers testify this is the greatest stove offer and the Kalamazoo the finest stove made. Ask for Catalog No. 176.

Kalamazoo Stove Co. Manufacturers
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Big Free Book

VENUS PERFECT PENCILS

To prove to you the superior quality of "Venus" Perfect Pencils we will send you sample pencil free if you will write us. Ask for hard, soft or medium. The lead of "Venus" is silky smooth. Yet it is so firm it does not break in use or when sharpened. Makes dark, even, non-smudging mark. Easily erased. 17 black gradations, and 2 copying. Absolutely guaranteed. Write

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO.
223 Fifth Avenue, New York

VENUS PERFECT PENCILS

LEARN TO RUN AND REPAIR AUTOMOBILES **EARN A BIG SALARY**

Mr. Benj. Briscoe, Mr. J. D. Maxwell, and others endorse our system. Big demand for chauffeurs and salesmen. We teach you the auto business in 10 weeks. Small payment starts you. Write for 1912 Book—FREE.

PRACTICAL AUTO SCHOOL,
70 T Beaver St., N. Y.

Unexpected Responsibility

The Man Who Can Carry It Has
Opened the Door of Opportunity

By FRANK J. ARKINS

UNEXPECTED responsibility is opportunity in disguise.

Few know when to accept it. A man is put to the supreme test when confronted with an emergency. Hesitation and indecision in the presence of the unusual is not the quality that makes men stand out from the mass.

In every business employees are confronted with new conditions, and if these do not concern the work directly in hand they are ignored.

A man may be capable, energetic, reliable, careful, and conscientious, and yet not progress beyond the competency point. He may take pride in his executive ability, the system he has invented, and the orderly manner in which he maintains it, and fail utterly at a critical moment. He may be able to handle everything which experience teaches he should know and in which he has schooled himself, yet he recoils from an unexpected responsibility that reaches out from the strange source. Because the condition is new, he does not think quickly enough, and what appears to him a problem that could not be solved, or that did not concern him, he permits to pass.

He recognizes a golden chance when it is too late.

Every man has unexpected responsibility thrust upon him, not once but many times in the course of his business career. If he fails to recognize in them the opportunities they bring, he alone is to blame for his failure to advance.

Nearly every successful man first attracts attention by doing something out of the ordinary, and his ability to grapple with unusual conditions brings about his promotion.

The Conductor's Decision

A MAN stepped aboard a train in an Ohio town, and was shown to a seat in the rear Pullman coach. A few moments later a red-capped station employee and the porter conducted a portly woman to her section, which they reached just as the train commenced to move out of the station. The woman had a ticket for the identical seat the man occupied. Rather than argue with her, he surrendered the seat, stating that it was a matter the conductor would decide when he arrived.

When that official reached the woman and glanced at her ticket he said:

"Madam, you are on an accommodation train. Your ticket is for the eighteen-hour train, which is due to pass us in about two minutes."

The woman became hysterical. She explained that her daughter was dying in New York. She had received a telegram, had reached the depot, purchased her ticket, and been hurried aboard the train by the depot attendants just as it was about to start. She supposed they knew.

The words had scarcely left her lips when the conductor jerked the bell cord violently. Instantly the fast-flying wheels were caught in a viselike grip. To a brakeman, who came hurrying through, the conductor shouted:

"Torpedo the Limited. Don't wait for this train to stop."

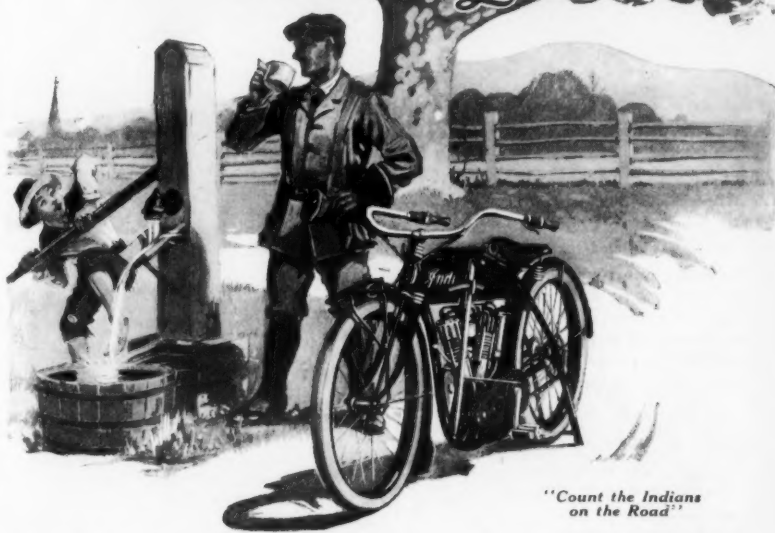
The greatest excitement prevailed in the car. The Limited was in sight. It was growing larger every instant as it came up out of the West. It was closing the gap that separated them so swiftly that it hardly seemed possible that the trainman would be able to give the signal that would halt it.

His Reason

AS the brakeman stood on the step and measured the steadily lessening distance between the two trains, the passengers who watched knew that he was calculating the exact moment when he could risk it by jumping. While the speed of the local was still high, and the distance between the trains dangerous, the brakeman leaned out, released his hold, jumped, and tried to run to keep from falling. The momentum was so great that it was impossible for him to keep his feet. He fell heavily and rolled, but was up in an instant, affixed the torpedoes, and sprang back almost within the shadow of the bulk of steel that rushed by him at the rate of a mile a minute—to the noise of resounding torpedo reports. Before the Limited passed him he heard the hissing of the air as the brakes set and it began to slow down.

(Continued on page 44)

The Indian Motorcycle



"Count the Indians on the Road"

THIS Summer, obey the "call of the road." Ride an Indian Motorcycle. No form of recreation is so exhilarating, so healthful, so bracing to the tired, nervous system. It makes you a new man. Ask any of our 1,200 agents to give you a demonstration of the Indian 1912 model. A few minutes' acquaintance with it makes you an expert. Learn the value of the Indian to you for regular use as well as for pleasure trips.

Indian 1912 models, complete with Free Engine Clutch, Magneto and improved Hedstrom Carburetor:

4 H. P. Single Cylinder, \$200

7 H. P. Twin Cylinder, \$250

Mail a postal today for free illustrated Catalog, fully describing all models and improvements.

THE HENDEE MFG. CO. 841 State Street SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

CHICAGO

DENVER

SAN FRANCISCO

LONDON



"Yes, Mother, here it is!"

A child can easily use a Western Electric Inter-phone, the perfected type of private home telephone. Simply push the button and talk.

Think what a great comfort Inter-phones would be in your home!—what a lot of stair climbing they would save!

**Western Electric
Inter-phones**

can be easily installed in your home at a cost ranging from \$6 per station up. Will cost no more to maintain than your door bell.

Write to-day for Booklet No. 7662.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 6,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

New York	Chicago	Kansas City	San Francisco	Montreal	London
Buffalo	Milwaukee	Oklahoma City	Oakland	Toronto	Berlin
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Boston	Cincinnati	St. Paul	Salt Lake City	Calgary	Rome
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EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

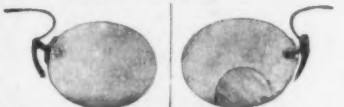


KRYPTOK LENSES

Do Not Mar Good Looks

They have the appearance of single-vision lenses, yet combine two distinct focal points, one for distance and one for reading. No seams, lines or cement.

No one can tell you have double-vision glasses when you wear Kryptoks. They are not freakish in appearance.



This is a Kryptok Lens
Note the absence of seams. Kryptok Lenses do not look odd or suggest old age. They improve one's appearance.

This is a Pasted Lens
Note the ugly seams. They are unsightly. They indicate old age. Pasted lenses detract from one's appearance.

Write for Descriptive Booklet

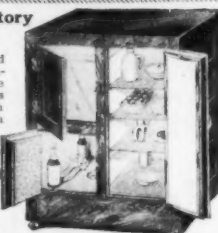
Your optician will supply you with Kryptok Lenses. May be put into any style frame or mounting, or into your old ones. Over 250,000 people are wearing them.

Kryptok Company, 103 East 23d St., New York

Big 1912 Model Oak Refrigerator \$31.75

Opal Glass Lined Direct from Factory to User

The exterior is solid oak. The food compartment and door are lined with the famous opal glass, 7-16 inch thick. "Better than marble." Opal glass is the most sanitary lining produced by science. It is as easily washed as a pane of glass. Double refrigeration for every pound of ice is given by our exclusive system of construction.



MEASUREMENTS
Height 45 in. Width 36 in. Depth 21 in. Ice Capacity, 100 lbs.

The Wickes 1912 Model No. 230, Only \$31.75

Conforms in every respect to the high standards set by The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, manufacturers for over 60 years. The name back of this refrigerator is the highest insurance of its merit.

Our Money-Back Guarantee. Your money refunded if the Wickes is not exactly as represented.

You buy the Wickes Refrigerator direct from the factory at actual factory prices.

Title Exterior—German-Silver Trimmed

—same size refrigerator, specially priced. **\$45**

Send for Free Beautiful Art Catalog

It shows you the famous Wickes Refrigerators of all sizes—inside and out. Guaranteed and sold by

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

(Established Over 60 Years)

Dept. 43, 324-328 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Dept. 43, 29-35 W. 32d St., New York

130-132 E. Sixth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio (C9)



Spice Cakes

For luncheons, afternoon teas and an occasional "hunger bite." Spice Cakes are always enjoyable. To get a flavor far ahead of ordinary milk or cream, use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Beat one egg, without separating, until light; add a generous half-cup sugar, one tablespoonful mixed spices, two-thirds cup molasses, and the same of butter melted, and beat thoroughly. Add four tablespoonfuls Eagle Brand Condensed Milk diluted with three-fourths of a cup water in which one teaspoonful soda has been dissolved; then stir in two and one-half cups flour mixed and sifted with one level teaspoonful cream of tartar. Lastly, add one tablespoonful lemon juice. Bake in small tins in a moderate oven.



Write for Borden's Recipe Book

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

"Leaders of Quality"

Est. 1857 New York

Responsibility

(Continued from page 43)

Bruised and stunned, he started down the track toward the car from which he had jumped and which had not yet stopped. Long before he reached it he witnessed the transfer of the passenger. Then he saw the train that was running under a penalty of more than \$200 an hour start again, in its effort to make up the precious moments it had lost by stealing so much time from its scant schedule.

A railroad official sitting in the sleeper who had witnessed this astounding procedure asked the conductor how he dared take such a chance with a train that was confessedly running on a schedule that would hardly permit it to lose a moment's time in the one-thousand-mile stretch from Chicago to New York.

"Suppose the woman's daughter died before she had reached New York. She would have the biggest kind of a damage suit against this company."

Had the conductor asked one more question it would have been too late to have seized the opportunity this unexpected responsibility thrust upon him.

A Business Emergency

A MANUFACTURING concern, driven close to the wall in a recent financial crisis, was suddenly called upon to take up a bank overdraft of \$25,000. At the same time a retailer, close-reefed to the weather, had sold down his stock to realize for the benefit of creditors. The retailer was willing to replenish, providing that proper credit could be extended. The manufacturing company, of which Mr. Blank was the manager, instructed him that under no circumstances must he sell except for cash, for the bank positively could not carry the overdraft longer than the end of the week. Competing manufacturing concerns had offered the retailer ninety days' time, but he declined to purchase unless he could get six months. The worry was so great that the principal stockholder and president of Mr. Blank's company took sick with fever, and left the manager upon his own resources.

A visit to the retailer's bank elicited the information that the note was perfectly good in normal times. He would be glad to advance the money, but he could not spare it at the moment. Like a flash Mr. Blank seized the unexpected.

"If you will loan him \$50,000 for six months, I will agree to leave it in your bank on certificate of deposit for one year, and so discount it that you will save the interest on the certificate."

Here was a chance to loan money, retain it in the bank, and gain the interest both ways. The proposition was agreed to.

When the details had been settled Mr. Blank appeared before the cashier of the institution with which his firm transacted business, and assigned over the certificate of deposit, thus wiping out the indebtedness of his firm and leaving a deposit of \$25,000. It was like securing a loan with so much money. By meeting the unexpected he had saved his own company from failure, kept a retailer out of the clutches of a bankruptcy court, and rendered two banks a service, increasing their business without actually taking a cent out of either one and without the transfer of a penny in cash.

The Real Estate Man

A MIDDLE-WEST real estate firm owed a large sum of money to a trust company that had failed. The company had vast realty holdings, liberally mortgaged. The principals were on the other side of the world when the crash came, and began to cable impossible directions.

The affairs of the bank were badly muddled. It would not pay out more than twenty-five or thirty cents on the dollar. A dozen failures had resulted from the closing of the institution, and it appeared as though the realty company was about to be engulfed.

The manager, who was confronted by an unexpected responsibility that threatened to wipe his company out of existence, offered to accept dollar for dollar, assignments of accounts and certificates of deposit on the defunct bank, as first payment upon real estate owned by the company. The condition of the bank was so critical, the lines of panic so tense and sharp, that this offer to realize in full on their savings accounts appealed to many of the unfortunate depositors who bought homes on the most favorable terms as to deferred payments and to the full value of their almost worthless accounts for the first installments. By presenting to the receiver the assignment of a number of accounts the manager halted threat-



ANY subject worth photographing is worth preserving in the most perfect photographic form. Never photograph such a subject with a camera that will give an "amateurish" result—nor use a film that will bring out anything less than the maximum in detail of high lights and transparency in shadows; that does not preserve the full color values of the subject.

Then—never print on any paper that will not make the most pleasing and artistic of pictures.

The Superb ANSCO

Camera is the production of a great organization that has made 98 per cent. of all professional cameras made in the United States during the past sixty years. It possesses professional quality, although its beautifully planned and constructed mechanism is simplified so that a child can photograph successfully with it.

It is as easy to secure Ansco Film as any other.

Cyko Paper (the prize winner at all photographic exhibitions), like the superb Ansco Cameras and Ansco Film, may be secured from all independent dealers.

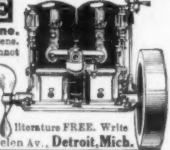
Twenty styles of Ansco Cameras, from \$2 to \$55, are shown in our catalog, "The Settled Fact." Elbert Hubbard has published a pamphlet, "Snap Shots and Education." We shall be glad to mail both to you.

Independent dealers everywhere sell Ansco products. Let us put you in touch with your nearest Ansco dealer.

ANSKO COMPANY, Binghamton, N. Y.

SANDOW MARINE ENGINE

8 h. p., 2 cylinder, \$125.00
4 h. p., 1 cylinder, 57.00
2 h. p., 1 cylinder, 39.75
Built Like an Automobile Engine.
3 to 20 h. p., ready to ship, gasoline or kerosene.
Drive boats of all kinds; starts easy; cannot backfire; almost noiseless. 5-YEAR ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE—30-DAY TRIAL. Three moving parts—women and children run it. Starts without cranking. Demonstrate an engine for us and get yours at cost. BE FIRST IN TERRITORY TO GET OFFER. Sales plan and literature FREE. Write Detroit Motor Car Supply Co., 32 Helen Ave., Detroit, Mich.



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Study the TULLOSS TOUCH SYSTEM. Gains speed—accuracy—ease of writing. Spare time study. No interference with regular work. Will bring the speed and the salary of the expert. Tulloss writers are fastest and best-paid.

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Eliminate the profits of the Middlemen

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BELOW ZERO
and comfortable
as could be desired

ALADDIN
READI-CUT
HOUSES
SAVE MONEY

ALADDIN BUNGALOW
erected at
MOOSE JAW
SASKATCHEWAN
CANADA

Quick shipments made direct from our mills in Michigan, Florida, Texas, Kansas, Oregon and Ontario, Canada.

Save 25 to 40 cents on every dollar—Bungalows, Dwelling Houses, Summer Cottages, Barns and Farm Buildings. 100 designs.

Aladdin Read-Cut Houses are shipped everywhere. Every piece of material comes to you cut and fitted and ready to nail in place. No skilled labor required. Permanent, attractive, warm and lasting. Not portable. Price includes all lumber cut to fit, shingles, doors, windows, glass, patent plaster board, interior trim and finish, paint, nails, locks, hardware and complete instructions. Immediate shipment. Houses from 2 to 12 rooms. Save four profits by buying direct from mill. Send stamps for catalog F-2.


NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION CO., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN



Complete
Five
Room

ALADDIN HOUSE Shipped Anywhere \$298

Tell your Grocer you want a tin of Educator Wafers



Don't be a slave over all the good things "mother used to make." She had to make them—you can get them from your grocer.

Let the baker do your baking.
Take these crisp, delicious Educator Wafers for example—one of many varieties of

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

The Cracker of Character and Economy

Taste the flavor that's so sweet and nut-like—the natural sweetness of whole wheat—a tempting treat you will never forget.

I make Educator Wafers just as my father, Dr. Wm. L. Johnson, made them—guarding sacredly his standard of pure food excellence.

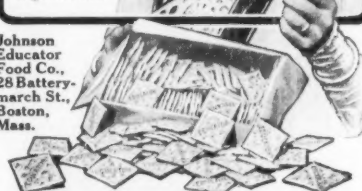
And I personally sample each day's bake from the good old-fashioned ovens, which bring out that richness of flavor, that delicacy of texture.

I insist on absolute perfection in every detail. That is why Educator Wafers are so unique, so delightfully different from anything you have ever known.

Get Educator Wafers from your grocer today. Look for the name EDUCATOR. Serve them for dinner tonight. Tell your husband to butter as he eats them. He'll say, "They're simply great"—all men do.

If your grocer can't supply you send 10c. and his name for large trial box.

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Educator
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march St.,
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Mass.



Make Your Floors LOOK Their Best



Old English Floor Wax

is the finish which brings out every bit of beauty your floors, wood-work or furniture possesses—often much more than you believe there is in them. Makes their care a lot easier because the finish will not hold dust nor show scratches and it lasts. Prove it.

Send for FREE SAMPLE and Our Book "Beautiful Floors, Their Finish and Care"

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CALOX OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER



To Whiten the Teeth

It's the Oxygen (in the form of peroxide of hydrogen) in Calox that renders it so perfect a cleanser and whiten of the teeth. Dentists advise its use. Physicians prescribe it.

All Druggists, 25 Cents

Sample and Booklet free on request
McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK
Ask for the Calox Tooth Brush, also.

GROW MUSHROOMS



For Big and Quick Profits
Ten years experience enables me to give practical instructions that will add to your income without interfering with regular occupation. For full particulars and free book address
JACKSON MUSHROOM FARM
4458 N. Western Ave. Chicago, Ills.

Responsibility

(Concluded from page 41)

ened attachment proceedings and was able to offset with the first dividend the debt owed by his company. He had sacrificed property heavily, but he saved the credit of the firm when it was about to crumble into ruin. With a clear financial sky he was then able to carry under the name of his firm in all advertising matter the sentences:

"The firm that saw the town through the panic.

"The only company in the city that accepted deposits in a defunct bank, dollar for dollar, and that saved hundreds from failure."

The Hotel Clerk

A TEXAS hotel man who carried a red balance in the bank was suddenly called upon to settle. His credit was nil. He had regaled the cashier with promises until patience was exhausted. Within ten days a big convention was due to open in the city, at which time Klondike prices would prevail. He expected to take in enough money to get back into the graces of the banker. Unfortunately, however, he did not have enough money to pay his help, and they walked out. This left him sitting on the edge of a precipice with his feet hanging over. He took a train for his old home back East, telling his chief clerk to do the best he could.

At the time this happened a theatrical company carrying a large chorus stranded in the city.

The manager had disappeared and the members of the troupe found themselves in the street, their baggage held for security for board and room.

When the unexpected responsibility appeared like a steam roller, the hotel clerk utilized it to advantage. He gathered the penniless show people together and offered to give them employment, room and board included, until they could make other arrangements. He was hailed with delight. Within a few hours his establishment was graced with the best-looking "help" that ever was employed in a Texas hotel. He garnered enough dollars during the convention week to impress the banker, who agreed to carry the hotel company if the man who proved himself equal to the emergency was placed in charge.

The Manager

A COMPANY transacting a business that extended over a wide extent of territory hypothecated its stock with a bank to tide over a business-expansion period. The bank failed. A rival concern, through collusion with the receiver, and by misrepresentation to the court, bought the stock. The judge believed that he was acting in the best interests of the creditors, for he was given to understand that the company was in danger of being closed out for other debts. The sale was effected for about one-fourth the actual value of the stock.

Armed with the stock certificates and the canceled notes, the purchasers appeared before the manager of the company, accompanied by the receiver and a lawyer, who explained the proposition. Everything was regular and perfectly proper, and was proceeding in a very orderly manner when one of the members of the rival firm confidentially remarked to the manager that he need have no fear, he would be well taken care of by the new owners.

The unexpected had happened. The chance remark gave him an opening. Turning to the attorney, he asked:

"Have you held a meeting of the stockholders and elected new officers?"

"No. We have the court order."

"I must obey the officers of this company, not the stockholders. You will have to get that court order amended."

They threatened, bulldozed, explained, and pleaded—all to no purpose.

The Difference

WITHIN a few hours lawyers he employed unraveled the conspiracy side of the plot. Sizzling wires brought the officers of his company home that night. The next morning they applied for an order to set aside the sale on the ground that the representations that caused the court to make the sale were false. A long legal battle opened. The same judge who ordered the stock sold in the first place later set aside the sale.

The manager who knew how to do the only thing that could be done to save his employers did not hesitate when he saw the opening. A moment of indecision and the place would have been in the possession of the rivals. This manager recognized that the party who fights from the inside has the best chance for defense.

To the woman who demands the utmost in flour quality.

Every sack of Occident is sold not only under guarantee of superiority, purity, food value and baking quality—but is **guaranteed** to prove this superiority in your hands—you to be the judge. If the proof is found wanting after your test, your money will be refunded.

The Guaranteed

OCCIDENT FLOUR



Costs More—Worth It

If Occident Flour produces lighter, whiter cakes—more delicious bread, and more of it to the bag, isn't it worth while to ask your grocer to explain the Money-back Plan upon which it is sold?

Our booklet—"Better Baking"—for North—East—West—South—gladly mailed free.

Russell-Miller Milling Co.
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

MUSIC LESSONS AT HOME

Paderewski and other great musicians endorse our weekly lessons for home study. Piano, Voice, Cornet, Violin, Harmony, History, etc., for teachers and beginners. Faculty of famous artists. Diplomas granted. Beautiful art catalog with extracts from lessons, terms, etc., free. Write stating whether you wish to study for accomplishment or to teach; age and amount of previous study.

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Not a difficult thing to do. Buy one of our Easy Payment, Profit-sharing 5% Coupon Trust Bonds, paying interest semi-annually, and issued in denominations of \$500, up. Write now for our Free Booklet De Luxe. It describes our new method of saving.

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CAPITAL \$500,000.00

Save 1/3 to 1/2 the Price

and have the fastest, latest model, most saving fireless cooker made. The Rapid roasts, bakes, steams, stews, boils and fries all inside the cooker. Cooks deliciously—nothing spoils or burns or needs watching. You can visit, sew, shop—enjoy yourself outdoors—your dinner is preparing and never fails to be delicious. I am making a Special Price on 10,000 Cookers—

Rapid Fireless Cooker

Won't you test a Rapid in your kitchen a month at my risk? If you decide you don't want it you don't need to keep it—you won't lose one penny. My Rapid

Saves 75c on Every Dollar For Fuel

Where you burn gas or coal 2, 3 and 4 hours, you will use it but a few minutes with the Rapid—saving all that waste. But better still your food will taste 75% better—better flavor, juicy, tender. Write for my

125-Page Recipe Book Free

Shows how you can cut down your grocery and meat bills at least 1/4 with a Rapid. How you can use the less expensive cuts of meat, etc., and have just as appetizing, nourishing food. Send for this book of 125 famous recipes—you too will be amazed at the saving and comfort of a Rapid. Write today—remember my Special Factory Price gives you a Rapid at a trifle above actual cost of making.

WM. CAMPBELL COMPANY, Dept. 248, Detroit, Mich.



An Appeal to Reason

THIS is to be a page of sense, facts and comparisons, to aid, guide and help you get the most for your money in an automobile: and to show you what we sincerely believe to be the most exceptional popular priced automobile value on the market today—our \$1200 thirty-five horsepower touring car.

You have eyes to see with, ears to hear with and a head to do your deciding and we are willing to rely on your own good judgment.

Choosing your first car seems like a great problem. What car to get and why? What price to pay? What to expect for that price? and many other perplexing questions clog your head. You seem to be unable to arrive at any satisfactory or definite decision.

You see so many of them. And each one seems to be about the same as the other. They all look good, ride good, run good and sound good. All the fascinating literature is well written, attractive and more or less convincing. The salesmen you talk to have an air of earnestness about them as they carelessly toy with such words as efficiency, economy, dependability, reliability, silence, power, etc. You can talk to fifty such men selling fifty different popular priced cars and you will come away with a good impression of each one. *But one thing that you will be unable to account for is the wide difference in price.*

You will distinctly remember that the main specifications of each car—that is, the power, size of the motor, wheel base, seating capacity, size of tires and wheels, construction, general finish, etc.—were all about the same, *but why the great variation in price?* One car was priced at \$1400—another at \$1600—another \$1500—still another at \$1350, etc. “Why this great difference in price for cars that are all practically identical?” keeps running through your brain.

Here is the answer.

The greatest difference in popular priced cars today is the difference in price.

And this difference is due to the great difference in the plants that produce them.

The facilities of an automobile plant absolutely govern the selling price of each car; thus, the greater the facilities, the lower the selling price of the car. Therefore, the plant with the best and largest equipment can give you more car for less money than the plant with a much smaller equipment.

The Willys-Overland plants are the greatest of their kind in the industry. For 1912 we will make 25,000 cars. We employ more men and have the largest and most complete equipment of automatic machinery in the industry.

All of which explains our ability to give more car and a better car for less money.

Now, we will draw a natural comparison of car facts and values, and show you why others get \$1500 for our \$1200 value.

Among all the thirty to thirty-five horsepower cars you have seen, the average price will run in the neighborhood of \$1500. Why pay this much when you can get a big powerful 35 horsepower, five-passenger touring car like our Model 60, shown here, for only \$1200? Do you get any additional practical value in the higher-priced cars to make it really worth the additional money?

You are seeking the best car for your purpose and pocket-book for the least amount of money. You want power, speed, comfort, service, wear and appearance.

Here are all of these fundamentals for \$1200—practically as you get them in any \$1500 car made.

Here is a car with a powerful silent smooth thirty-five horsepower motor—the most modernly designed four cylinder motor made. Here is a car that seats five large passengers comfortably; for it has a wheel base of one hundred and eleven inches. The upholstery is of good leather, hand stuffed with fine hair. All the comfort you want. The body is finished in our famous dark Overland blue and the wheels in battleship gray. The body lines are graceful, pleasing and simple. The transmission is of the selective type, three speeds and reverse—fitted with the fine F. & S. annular bearings which are used on the most expensive cars in the world. The frame is of pressed steel and has a single drop. The crank and gear casings are of aluminum. You get a standard magneto. The front axle is a one piece drop forged I section fitted with the famous Timken bearings. The operating levers are in the center of the car where they should be. Not on the outside or tacked to the inside of the fore door, but in the center where they belong, so that you can have free use of both fore doors. All other methods are obsolete. The tires are 34 x 4. The handsome lamps are finished in solid black with brilliant heavy brass trimmings which set off the lamps to splendid advantage.

Do you find more than this in any \$1500 car?

And bear in mind that this car is made by the most modern methods in the greatest automobile plant of its kind in the world.

Compare the facts. That's all we ask.

Just as soon as you get down to brass tacks, and make a careful comparison of the facts in each case, you will realize that in this car for \$1200 you get what practically any \$1500 car can offer you.

And why should you pay the difference?

If \$1200 can get you about as much as \$1500 why pay \$1500?

Ask yourself this question. Make your comparisons. And then we know you will decide, of your own free will, in favor of this Model 60—which is, probably, the greatest automobile value in the world today.

Our catalogue will give you all the detailed facts. When you write, please ask for book B24.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Overland

THIS is Model 60T—our \$1200 thirty-five horsepower five-passenger touring car.

You will find that the specifications of the average \$1500 touring car *fit this car exactly*. So why pay the difference between \$1200 and \$1500 if \$1200 will buy you as much as you can get for \$1500?

Read every word of the opposite page. It bears an important message.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 60T—Five-passenger fore-door touring; wheel base 111 inches; horsepower, 35; magneto; tires, 34 x 4 inches, quick detachable; finish, Overland blue, gray gear and wheels; equipment, three oil lamps in black and brass finish, two gas lamps and generator. Price, \$1200. Self starter \$20 extra. Top and glass front, \$55.



Victor

The greatest pleasure that comes from the possession of any musical instrument is to be able to hear at will the world's best music sung and played by the world's greatest artists.

And of all the instruments Victor and Victor-Victrola alone bring you this exquisite music in all its beauty.

The actual living voices of the most famous singers, the superb art of the foremost instrumentalists, the entrancing music of the most celebrated bands and orchestras, the delightful humor of the cleverest comedians, are recorded on Victor Records absolutely true to life and with a musical tone of unequaled sweetness and purity.

And all this charming music gently floats from the Victor and Victor-Victrola just as clear and natural as it comes from the lips of the singers and the instruments of the musicians.

Such is the perfection of the Victor and Victor-Victrola, and only through their use in combination with Victor Records is it possible to secure the full, rich musical Victor tone which has become the ideal in the world of music.

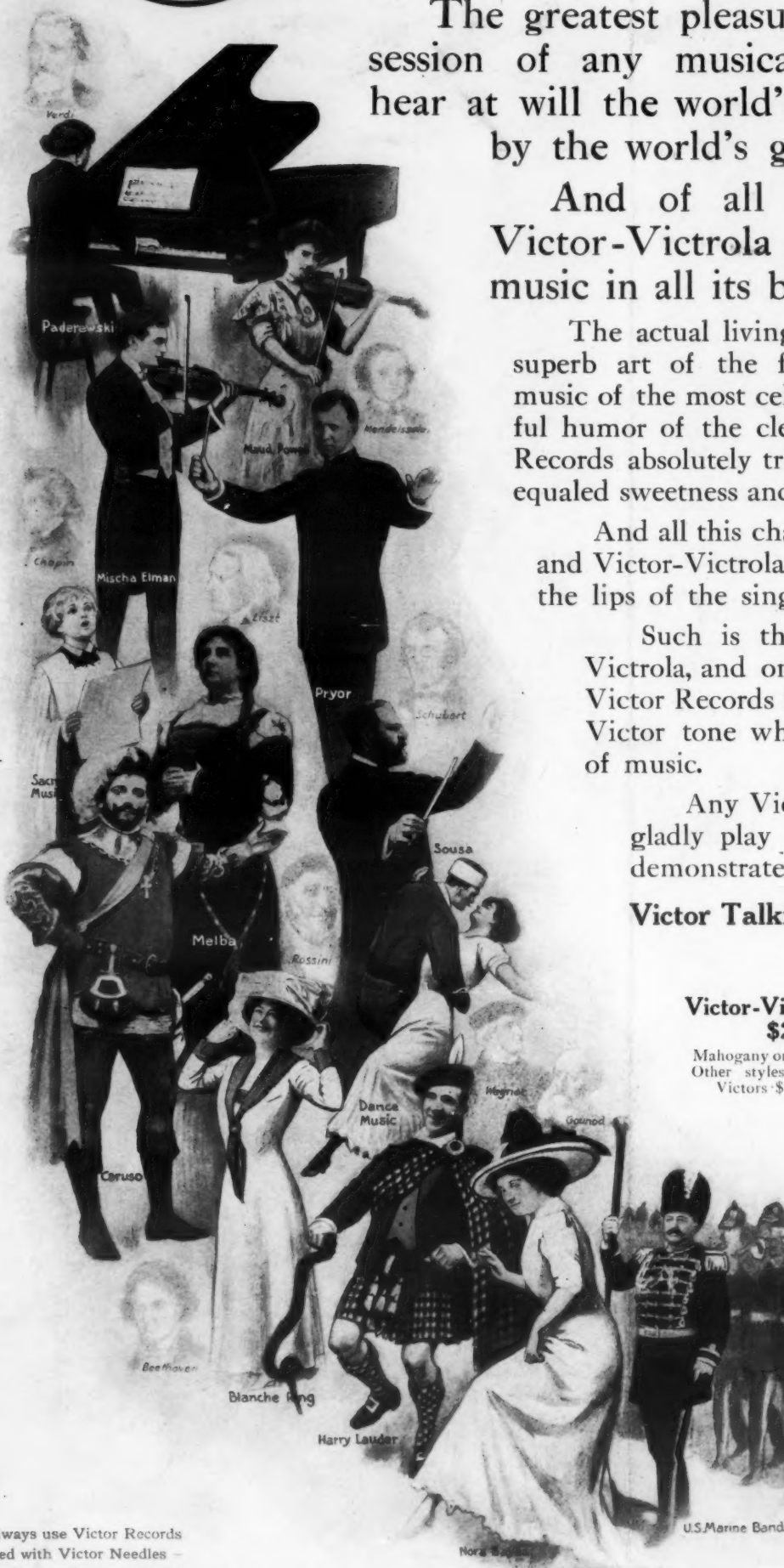
Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any Victor music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victor-Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Victor-Victrola XVI \$200

Mahogany or quartered oak.
Other styles \$15 to \$150.
Victors \$10 to \$100.



Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles - there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (Can be repointed and used eight times.)

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.